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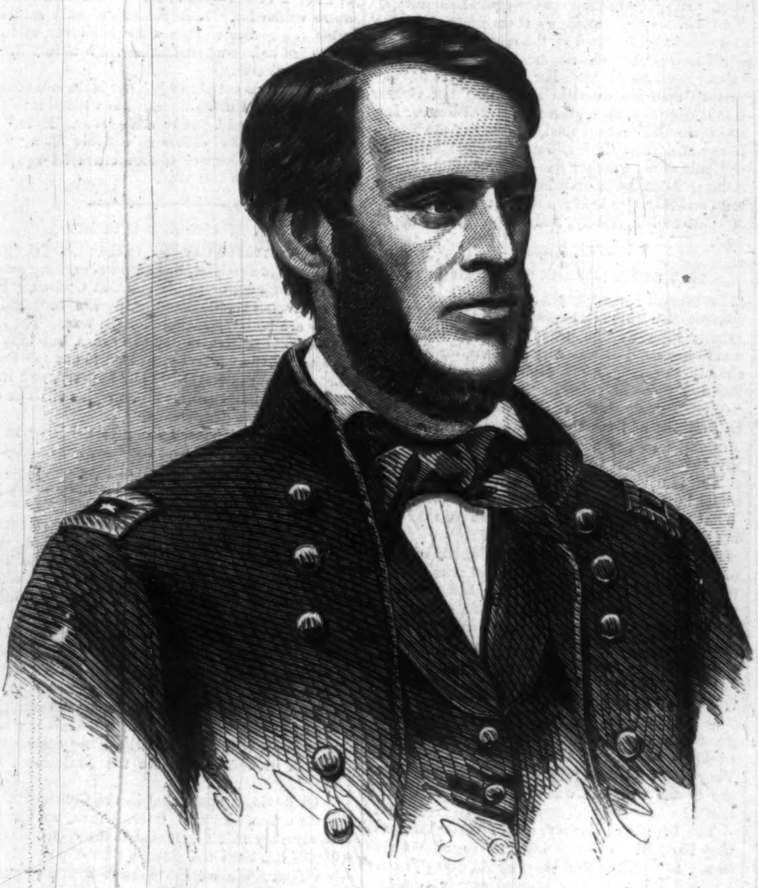
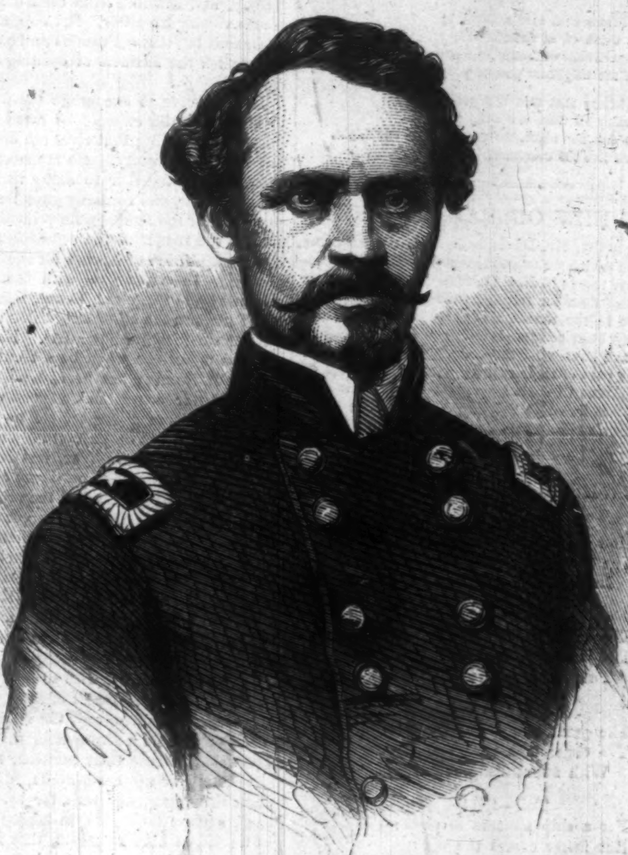
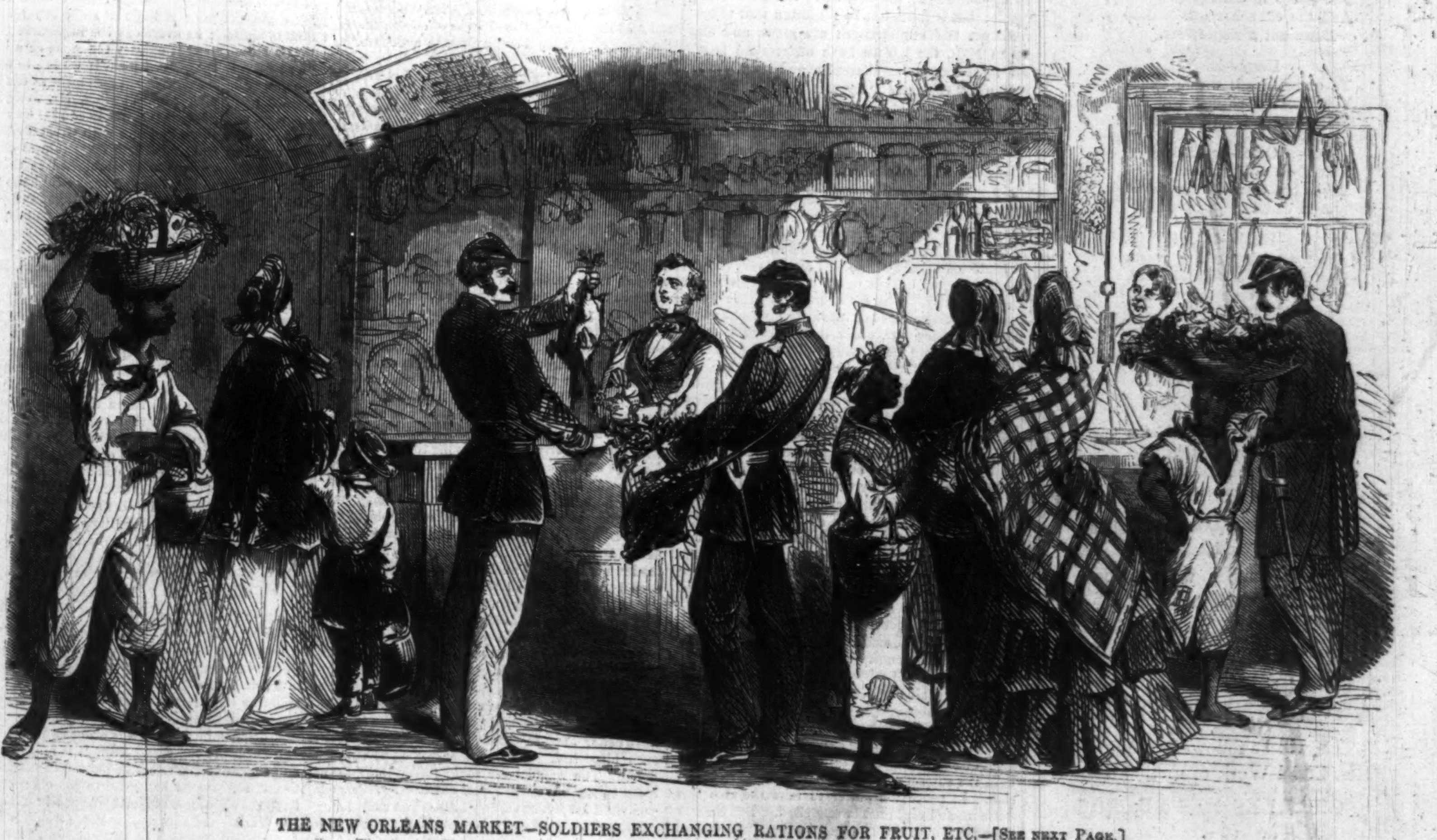


MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—[See Page 62.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALVIN P. HOVEY.—[See Page 62.]



THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET—SOLDIERS EXCHANGING RATIONS FOR FRUIT, ETC.—[See next Page.]

THE FIRST WAITS.

A MEDITATION FOR ALL.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gent."

So, Christmas is here again!—
 While the house sleeps, quiet as death,
'Neath the midnight moon comes the Waits' shrill tune
 And we listen and hold our breath.

The Christmas that never was—
 On this foggy November air,
With clear pale gleam, like the ghost of a dream,
 It is painted every where.

The Christmas that might have been—
 It is borne in the far-off sound,
Down the empty street, with the tread of feet
 That lie silent underground.

The Christmas that yet may be—
 Like the Bethlehem star, leads kind:
Yet our life chimes past, hour by hour, fast, fast,
 Few before—and many behind.

The Christmas we have and hold,
 With a tremulous tender strain,
Half joy, half fears—Be the psalm of the years,
 "Grief passes, blessings remain!"

The Christmas that sure will come,
 Let us think of, at fireside fair;
When church bells will sound o'er one small green mound,
 Which the neighbors pass to prayer.

The Christmas that God will give—
 Long after all these are o'er,
When is day nor night, for the LAMB is our Light,
 And we live for evermore.

THE NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

OUR artist, Mr. Davis, some time since sent us a sketch which we reproduce on page 49. It represents our troops in New Orleans "swapping" their rations of flour for tropical fruits and other farm-produce in the markets of New Orleans. Flour has long been extremely scarce at New Orleans; our brave boys, who receive a fair *modicum* of it daily as part of their ration, manage to dispose of it in market in such a way as, to use their own words, "to live like fighting cocks." The scene is rather a striking one.

THE WRECK OF THE "MONITOR."

  BOOM—boom!
How the huge waves smite her side—
The waves she has long defied,
 In mockery of her doom!

  Hark—hark!
The massy rivet snaps!
The jointed armor gapes!
 The prompt wave rushes dark!

  Creak—creak!
The great pumps labor fast!
The eager men rush past,
 With sweat-disfigured cheek.

  Toil—toil!
For a ship appears in sight:
But faster comes the night,
 And the waves with fury boil.

  More—more!
The floods to the hot fires creep,
And the cannonry of the deep
 Bates not a single roar.

  Haste—haste!
Ye eager friends within hail!
Your perilous scheme will fail
 If but one breath you waste!

  Quick—quick!
Lower the swiftest boat:
Death has them by the throat,
 And darkness gathers fast!

  Black—black!
Are the mighty rolling waves:
But the boat a handful saves,
 And now once more turns back.

  Vain—vain!
The sea, with an awful frown,
Beats the mailed warrior down—
 He never will rise again!

  Swift—swift!
Sinks the pride of the Union tars,
Away from the glowing stars
 To the sullen ooze and drift.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

IN this Number we conclude Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's magnificent Tale, NO NAME; and we begin the publication of a New Story by the Author of "MARY BARTON," entitled

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

This will be followed, in March, by a New Serial Work of Fiction by

CHARLES READE, D.C.L.,

Author of "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," etc.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN view of the characteristic perseverance of the American people, the repulse at Vicksburg, and the annoying raids of the rebel guerrillas upon our supply trains and railway communications out West, only render it the more certain that within a given space of time we shall reopen the Mississippi River. Our people are not the sort of men whom obstacles frighten or reverses weary. The greater the difficulties the greater the energy put forth to overcome them. Like our forefathers the English, who always began their wars by getting soundly thrashed by their enemies, and only commenced to achieve success when it was thought they were exhausted, we are warming to the work with each mishap, and learning from each defeat how to secure victory hereafter. Let no man doubt for an instant but that our armies and our fleets will accomplish the business of opening the Mississippi.

It may serve to encourage the faint-hearted to state that the expeditions fitted out for the purpose of opening that river are entirely without parallel in history. No monarch of Europe ever gathered together so many men, so many vessels of war, and so many guns for any single purpose. If the figures were printed they would remind the reader of the semi-fabulous records of the expedition of Xerxes for the conquest of Greece. In comparison with the force commanded by M'Clernand, Grant, Banks, Porter, and Farragut, the allied expedition to the Crimea was an insignificant affair. Napoleon had perhaps more men when he set out for the invasion of Russia; but he had no naval force, while Porter commands a fleet which alone would constitute a respectable national navy. The British army under Wellington, which carried on the Peninsula War, was less than any of the flying columns of our army of the Mississippi. Lord Clyde crushed the rebellion in India, and reduced 100,000,000 people to subjection with fewer men than Grant commands. Should the war be finally settled by a pitched battle in the heart of Mississippi, as Jeff Davis shrewdly predicts, the forces engaged will probably be twice as numerous as those that fought at Waterloo, and our army ought to exceed that of the rebels by a large percentage.

If it be asked why, with so many advantages and so vast a development of strength, we seem to make so little headway, the answer is, that it is easier to hold a strong-hold than to take it. The rebels choose their position, fortify themselves, throw up earth-works, dig rifle-pits, plant their guns, and wait for us. If we succeed, against such odds, in taking their works, as we did at Fort Donelson, they fall back and repeat the performance elsewhere: and with so vast a territory as theirs, there is plenty of room for repeated defeats and repeated retreats to new strong-holds. In the end, there can be but one result: but it must not be forgotten that if our resources and our strength are great, and our hopes high, the job we have undertaken is of the most monstrous character, and its progress will most certainly "try men's souls" at the North.

THE LOUNGER.

FAIR PLAY.

IF there is any maxim which peculiarly expresses the true spirit of American civilization it is *Fair Play for all.* Our system rests upon a very simple doctrine—equal human rights based upon a common humanity. The departure in practice from that original doctrine has inevitably brought us to this sanguinary war, which is the struggle of the nation to restore its practice to its true faith and fundamental principle. In obedience to the instinct, as vital in states as in individuals, which temporarily subordinates every right, every guarantee, every principle, and every law to the paramount necessity of self-preservation, the President, Commander-in-Chief, has decreed emancipation in the chief slave section of the country. Precisely as by his order, and by the necessity of the case, the lives of citizens are taken in battle, without due ordinary process of law, as by the same order and necessity the supply trains and property which aid the rebellion are without process of law cut off and seized; and in obedience to the rule of common sense that in a state of war all persons concerned are either friends or foes, and are accordingly to be protected or coerced, he has, in the only way possible, summoned all the friends of the Union and the country to the national standard, promising that all whose liberty is restrained by the rebels shall be protected by the supreme national power.

It is a war-measure which involves the most vital consequences to the civilization and development of a class of human beings, who have hitherto been the subjects of the most remorseless oppression. In peace the power to take the step was dormant and could not be exercised. But the war upon the Government, waged by those who wished to perpetuate the injustice, awakes that sleeping power, clothes the President with that magnificent authority, and calling God and the world to witness the rectitude of his purpose, and invoking the divine blessing and the national support upon an act just in itself, and justified by the national peril, he has spoken the word which is an edict of fair play to every man in the land: which at once releases a people which has been outraged, and a nation which has been unwillingly privy to injustice. It clears the individual conscience and the national escutcheon. It is an invocation of the spirit of the Constitution to save its form—being merely an exercise of that supreme and irresponsible discretion, vested by the fundamental law in its chief magistrate, during a state of war, for its own protection.

This is the spirit in which the noble picture in this day's paper is conceived. It is a summary of the scope of the act, looking before and after. The picture shows what was in America, and what shall be. It commemorates the restoration of the nation to the faith of the fathers, and to their expressed intention in the practice of the Government they formed, and it depicts at a stroke the sublime scope of a measure which is in its form simply a necessary military order.

Mr. Nast reveals in this work not only the masterly skill of the artist and the eye of the poet, but the perception of the patriot and the heart of the man. His picture presents the equal humanity of the colored race. It shows them swayed by the same emotions, inspired by the same hopes, capable of the same human development, as those of us who belong to another race. For America does not say that all men are equal in any thing but rights. But it does say, and, please God, will forever say and maintain, that all men, whether of the Shemitic or anti-Shemitic families, whether Mongolians or Caucasians, whether Saxons or Celts, whether Asians, Africans, Europeans, or Americans, are men, and therefore are born with a natural equality of right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

TO THE LOUNGER IN THE NEXT BOX.

IF every Lounger could take a part in all the conversation which he hears around him and which greatly interests him, what a general talking he would keep up! I was very anxious, for instance, the other evening, when, dining at a chop-house, I heard a pleasant voice in the next box remark, "Well, I don't think the negroes are worth the half-million of lives they are costing us"—I was anxious, I say, to put my head over the box and say, "Well, what then?"

The remark which I heard is said in a great many boxes, and thought in a great many more. What is the sense of it? Suppose you do or do not think that the security of equal rights to every man is worth a war, what do you think of a war to save a nation from causeless and cruel destruction? That is the question. We had not the option of not fighting, except upon the condition of submission to the demands of the enemy. There had been no unconstitutional act upon the part of the Government—was there? friend in the next box! The new party in power did not even control Congress, did they?

—What do you say? That they had made a great row about Slavery? Certainly they had freely discussed it. Was that unconstitutional? They had said that they hoped to keep it within the States where it was. Was that unconstitutional?

The friends of slavery, on the other hand, said they liked it. Did any body infringe their right to say so? They said they would carry it every where. Did any body propose any other than a perfectly constitutional resistance? Meanwhile they annulled, so far as they could, the Constitutional right of free discussion. They imprisoned and sold into slavery free citizens of other parts of the country. They brutally smote a Senator to the floor—

—Hallo! you friend in the next box! you think the friends of liberty were aggravating, do you? Well, these things were rules before the question arose into general public discussion. The offense of the North was that it chose to resist constitutionally the effort of the South to subvert the Government quietly and overrun the country with its extremely "peculiar institution."

Do you say the North passed Personal Liberty bills? Did you ever read one of them? Do you know what they proposed? Of course you do not. But even assuming them to be exactly what you suppose them to be, that is, a legalized State resistance to the national law, have you asked why they were passed? Simply because your friends of the slave-holding interest had for many years absolutely nullified the national Constitution by State laws imprisoning and selling citizens of other States without the least charge of crime. You think that the Personal Liberty laws of the North were very "aggravating," what do you think of the Personal Slavery laws of the South?

You are perfectly right in saying that one wrong does not excuse another. But even allowing that they were wrongs, it does not lie in the mouths of those who have done infinitely worse wrongs, and who proposed no change, to make this objection. The Personal Liberty laws were in no sense such a flat and scornful violation of the Constitution as the laws of the South enslaving free citizens. But even had they been so, the course of the discontented Southerners was clearly to say, "Here, we will give up our enslaving laws of your citizens, and we will guarantee you the same rights of speech that you secure to us, and do you repeal your Personal Liberty laws."

They chose not to do so. They chose to shout that we trampled upon the Constitution, and then they fired upon the flag. Now what would you have done? You say that the slaves are not worth such bloodshed. Then you would have surrendered. You would have said: "Any thing for a quiet house. We will repeal our liberty bills, and you shall keep your slavery bills. You shall hang people who say what you do not like, and we will mob them. You shall take your slaves into the Territories, and we will help you. You shall bring them North, and sell them here at your pleasure. Don't let us quarrel about negroes, who are only fit for slaves."

Friend in the next box, if the nation had said this, who do you think that history would have recorded as only fit for slaves?

"ROMOLA."

THE novel of "Romola," by the author of "Adam Bede," which is now publishing in *Harper's Magazine*, is one of the most striking stories that has of late appeared in English literature. The lofty tone, the power, the freshness and the beauty of the work, are all remarkable, while it is the most signal proof of the affluent genius of the author. Turning away from England, and the life, and motives, and characters of to-day, she steps back four centuries; plants herself in Florence; makes the daughter of an old Italian scholar of the revival of letters her heroine; a young Greek, bright and shallow, her hero; weaves her plot of the threads of tragical fate that interlace two natures so entirely different; surrounds it with the most vivid and picturesque grouping of the costume, the conversation, the spirit and life of the time; and develops her hero and heroine into two of the most individual creations of modern fiction—one of the few heroines in literature whose lofty beauty and womanly soul impress the reader as they affect her lover, and one of the few heroes whose fascination is as intelligible as his weakness.

The story is not yet ended, nor is the catastrophe discernible. But no woman has written a tale of such interest and power since "Jane Eyre," although "Romola" differs as entirely from "Jane Eyre" as the Florence of four centuries ago from the Yorkshire of last year.

SUPPOSE, AND SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE that a Cavalier, in the time of the great civil war in England, had said in the King's camp at Nottingham, or in his court at Oxford, "Sire, the Cavaliers and Roundheads are both guilty. They are both responsible for the war. The limit of the prerogative is not the cause, but only the subject, of the war. Let us look to our own faults. Let us correct ourselves, your Majesty, and let us tell the Parliament that all its rights shall be conceded."

Suppose that, after talking to the King in this vein for an hour or two, the Cavalier had added, as he was leaving the royal presence, "But, of course, the prerogative must be maintained, your Majesty; of course, of course."

Do you think that Charles would have counted much upon the sympathy or service of that gentleman? Would he have called him to his Privy Council? Would he have given him a responsible command upon the eve of Edgehill or Marston Moor?

Suppose that the same words, changing King to Parliament, had been spoken by a member of the Commons. Would Hampden have trusted him? Would Pym have counseled with him? Would Cromwell have tolerated him? Would it not have been perfectly clear that such a Cavalier would have been willing to see the King defeated, and such a Roundhead to see the Parliament humbled?

Or again, suppose that in the Continental Congress a man had said, "Gentlemen, we have certainly very much aggravated the King. If Lord North has been too slow, we have palpably been too fast. We ought to have averted the war. When our General, the worthy Mr. Washington, of Virginia, says to Governor Trumbull that 'persons who are preying upon the vitals of their country ought not to be suffered to stalk at large,' he forgets himself; he overlooks the important truth that a state of war is exactly the same as a state of peace. In fact, gentleman, if we are to countenance such an extravagant document as the hot-headed gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Jefferson, has prepared, where is this war to end? How can we ever hope to make peace with Great Britain? Let us never be deluded into forgetfulness of the fact that when war is once established as this is, the only hope of fighting to a successful issue lies, not in swords and cannon, which always exasperate people, but in palm-branches, and smooth talk, and buncomb, at which if the enemy sneer, they only show their ill-manners. And why should we be ill-mannered because they are? Does an impoliteness excuse an impoliteness?"

And so on, and so on, for a couple of hours. Don't you think that is the spirit that would have given us the victory? Don't you think that is the policy that would have overthrown North, and humiliated King George, and have brought every nation in the world to our side, full of sympathy and respect? If you had heard those words, would you not have believed that you heard Washington, or Adams, or Jefferson, or Otis, or Patrick Henry, or General Greene, or Christopher Gadsden, or Old Put? Would you ever for an instant have imagined that it was Conway, or Charles Lee, or Benedict Arnold, who was speaking?

There might be many similar suppositions made by an ingenious mind; but these will answer for to-day.

RIGHTS AND THEIR VIOLATIONS.

MR. BEECHER seems to fall under the high displeasure of the Conservatives. A few weeks since, while he was attending to a Maine regiment at his church in the evening, they daubed his house with filth; and a few evenings since they threatened to mob him if he lectured in a town in New Jersey. Nevertheless he did lecture, and the only Conservative demonstration was a hooting and howling as he returned to the cars. Now it is an interesting and suggestive fact that if, instead of ministering to our soldiers, he had gone to his church to set forth the sinfulness of Northern men in exasperating Wigfall and Toombs, his house would not have been defiled. And if he had gone to Elizabeth to lecture the Jerseymen upon their duty of letting our wayward sisters go, the Conservatives would not have threatened trouble. We do not know the subject of his lecture. But we judge, as the Conservatives probably judged, from his antecedents, that there was danger he might say that people ought not to sell other people's babies merely because they were poor and helpless; and that is a little more than Conservatism can stand.

We say Conservatism, and we say it advisedly. The party which claims that name to-day is the party which has always favored and incited riots for the suppression of free speech in time of perfect quiet, and which now complains because in a time of extreme public peril some few men have been silenced by the Government. The party which to-day assumes to be Conservative is the party which has always said, when the peace has been broken by a mob on account of a speech or lecture which the inciters of the mob did not like, "Of course; served him right. Let him shut up his d—— mouth!" The leaders of the public riots in Boston and Philadelphia, and New York and Syracuse, in the winters of 1859–'60, were what is called "respectable" men, under whose guidance and support the rabble acted; and these "respectable" men are now the chief pillars of the Conservative party, which is so overwhelmed at the arbitrary invasion of the rights of speech by that hoary and appalling despot, Abraham Lincoln.

Moreover, this same Conservative party is the same party which at that time frankly and openly defended the destruction of the plainest constitutional rights at the South. If a man was tarred and feathered in Georgia or Arkansas, "Of course," they said, "why didn't he hold his tongue? If we could only force these fellows to be silent here at the North, we shouldn't all be in danger of being hung when we go into a slave State."

On the other hand, when Toombs lectured in Boston, was he mobbed? When Yancey made a tour through the North, in the very heat of a tremendous political canvass, was he mobbed? When, a little earlier, the dull Simms and the sentimental Thompson lectured in the Lyceums—were they mobbed? No, never. The newspapers of this pseudo-conservatism unblushingly declare that the "Free-speech party" is very zealous for its own speech, and very inimical to that of others. It is simply untrue. A street-mob gathered against an unpopular speaker by the anti-slavery party in this country is an event almost, if not altogether unknown. While the innumerable threats and riotous attempts against the free public discussion of important public questions by American citizens have always been instigated, and often led by those who now claim, as they then claimed, to be Conservative; and, therefore, while we would not hold any party responsible for the excesses of its individual members, the truth of history justifies us in the assertion that the spirit of the Conservative party in this country has favored and still favors the most lawless and dangerous assaults upon individual rights.

To attempt to extenuate such street-mobs by the arrest by Government in time of war of men who are trying to embarrass and defeat its efforts to save itself from destruction is futile and foolish. The Government has *not* suppressed free speech. It has tolerated not only honest criticism but the most venomous attacks in the interest of disunion and rebellion. In the confusion of the sudden burst of the war it stopped Schnabel's mouth for a little while; but soon released him, and has permitted Vallandigham, and Van Buren, and Rynders to say exactly what they chose. We certainly do not claim that the Government is infallible, or has made no mistakes. But we do claim, and history will confirm, that the friends of that Government, those who brought it into power and those who sustain it now, are not only the especial friends of the natural rights of all men, but of the constitutional privileges of American citizens—while the party that now calls itself Conservative not only denies the rights of man, but systematically, in time of perfect peace, connives at the violation of the constitutional rights of citizens.

A PLUM FOR THE DISCONSOLATE.

THERE is one consolation in contemplating the Proclamation, and that is, that one man, at least, is pleased. What man? No other than our wayward sister Van Buren. On the 13th of July, 1849, he made a speech in Cleveland, Ohio. Will you taste a plum from it, this fine morning? Here it is, at your service:

> "Yet there is one thing which remains to be done to perfect this proud fabric [the government], and render it as enduring as time. *Strike the manacles from the slave, and elevate him to the position of a moral, rational, intelligent, and, if need be,* A POLITICAL BEING!"

It is clear what Mr. Van Buren went to Washington for. It was to urge the President not to falter. And the President has done the very thing which our wayward sister thought was the only thing wanting to make the government eternal!

CHANCE IN BATTLE.

SIR EDWARD CUST, a retired British General, who was contemporary with all the great wars of this century, has been writing their annals. Two of his volumes cover the first nine years of the century, including the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, Eylau, Jena, and Wagram; Trafalgar and Copenhagen; Assaye, Laswarree, Delhi, Agra; and Talavera—with lesser fights by sea and land.

Such a book has a most timely interest; and one of its chief morals is the truth which General Napier always so strongly stated, that the event of every battle is in a great degree a matter of chance. In a position favorable to cavalry, a dashing charge may turn defeat into victory. Or again, as at Waterloo, an unseen road, which Napoleon did not know, may baffle the shrewdest plan, and wrest from your hands the victory already grasped.

Thus, in speaking of Marengo, which was the first overwhelming triumph of the First Consul—making him, as General Cust thinks, Emperor—he says: "The personal fame accruing to him as the victor and director of the contest has been greatly exaggerated. The battle was clearly lost at four o'clock; and had the Austrian General been where he ought to have been, there was nothing in the renewed combinations of Napoleon which could have carried the day. But when the Austrians were surprised, and at one blow deprived both of Melas and De Zach, so slight an event as a successful charge of cavalry was enough to change completely the state of affairs, and to convert defeat into victory."

If we bore such facts in mind, we should not suffer ourselves to be profoundly depressed or foolishly elated by the success of any single engagement. We should neither suppose that "the backbone of the rebellion" was broken because Vicksburg, for instance, was taken; nor that there was no longer any hope for mankind and civil liberty because Burnside was not successful at Fredericksburg. Marengo alone would certainly not have made Napoleon Emperor. So no single victory, but continued success alone, will subdue the rebellion.

AN AMUSING BOOK.

MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, otherwise "Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," has in the press of Carleton an autobiographical work, called "Drifting About." The title precisely expresses the scope and character of the book. "Colonel Jeems" carries his reader with him all over the world. He drifts from Botany Bay to St. Peter's; from eating *Poi* with the King of the Sandwich Islands to riding upon a donkey through the bazars of Cairo. From California and Oregon and Australia he passes to India, where he arrives during the Sepoy rebellion. His shrewd eye shows him in all these lands and scenes the most striking and amusing points, and his ready pen nimbly sketches them for the companions who wish to have all the pleasure of drifting without the annoyances. And as the work will be "comically illustrated," whoever selects "Colonel Jeems" as his guide, philosopher, and friend in a rapid circumnavigation of the globe will hardly fail to be diverted and instructed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HINT FOR THE LAZY.—The sun wouldn't be as bright as he is if it were not for his early rising.

NURSERY RHYMES.

There was a young lady of Bicester,
One day that her lover had kissed her,
She seemed quite perplexed,
And to show she was vexed
She gave such a slap to her sister.

There was a young lady of Leeds,
Her eyes were the bigness of beads;
When they said, "Do you squint?"
She replied, "I've got lint,
Which I put to my nose when it bleeds."

There was a young lady of Harrow,
Who would go to church in a barrow;
It stuck in the aisle,
And she said, with a smile,
"They build these here churches too narrow."

The first apple was eaten by the first pair.

"Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create these wonders.

We are told that in Michigan they sheer sheep by machinery. We should have thought this had been a sheer impossibility.

The man that forgets a great deal that has happened has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

We are told to "take care;" but it comes soon enough whether we want to take it or not.

One kind of mortar is designed to fill up chinks; another to make them.

Judy Brallaghan having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed, "Upon my conscience, then, but they are mighty hard to *peel!*"

Carriage accidents may be avoided in winter by keeping the horses' shoes and the driver's bottle well corked.

A correspondent writes to ask how much the waist of time measures round?

Mosquitoes are like doctors, they never let blood without running up a bill.

A man cut off by his baker for non-payment of his bill is "struck off the rolls."

People who like so much to talk their mind should sometimes try to mind their talk.

LINES WRITTEN ON GLASS.—The following lines are visible on a window-pane of the Hotel des Pays-Bas, Spa, Belgium:

"1793.
"I love but one, and only one,
Oh, Damon, thou art he;
Love thou but one, and only one,
And let that one be me."

Why should the stars be the best astronomers?—Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves, giving as a reason that she only wished to keep her hand in.

A garrulous barber happening to be called on to shave a celebrated wit, asked him, "How shall I shave you, Sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man?—Because they have no eyes.

Beauty is a stronger wooer than loving words; so the women woo us more than we do them.

It sounds oddly that a ship of war, when at sea, keeps every one of her guns in port.

When are gloves unsalable?—When they are kept on hand.

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

If we grasp quicksilver, it slips through the fingers; and this is apt to be the case with most silver.

Pressures in the money-market are far less pleasant to young people than pressures in the love-market.

The commonest way to steal is to buy and not pay.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, January 5, in the Senate, the Military Committee made a report regarding the swords of honor belonging to the late rebel General Twiggs. The Committee recommend that one of the swords be bestowed upon General Butler, another deposited in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, and the third be preserved in the Patent Office as a trophy of the rebellion. A bill to reimburse Minnesota for expenditures incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities was referred to the Military Committee. The resolution regarding State prisoners was then taken up, and Senator Field, of New Jersey, made a speech defending the policy of suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, etc. The bill empowering the President to issue letters of marque was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill forfeiting the pay of officers of the army who are absent from their duties over thirty days was passed. A bill was introduced repealing so much of the act establishing the grade of line officers in the navy as authorizes the appointment of rear-admirals and commodores on the retired list; referred to the Naval Committee. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution denouncing General Grant for issuing an order expelling the Jews from his department was laid on the table by a vote of 56 against 53. A resolution of thanks to General Butler for his energetic, able, and humane administration of affairs in the Department of the Gulf was offered. A motion to lay it on the table was negatived—27 against 77. The resolution was then laid aside. The debate on the Bankrupt Bill was then resumed, and several members spoke in favor of the measure. As a test of the sense of the House on the subject, a motion was made to lay the bill on the table, which was rejected by a vote of 59 yeas against 66 nays. The further consideration of the bill was then postponed till Thursday week, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 6th, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill to raise volunteers for the defense of Kentucky, with an amendment as a substitute. A joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to General Rosecrans and his army, for their gallantry at Murfreesboro, was referred. The bill to tax bank-bills and fractional currency was taken up, and Senator Sherman, of Ohio, made a speech in support of the measure. The debate on the bill for the discharge of state prisoners was then resumed. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, severely denounced the Administration, while Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, defended the Government. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was reported providing ways and means for the support of the Government. The Treasury Bank bill was reported back with a negative recommendation. A resolution tendering the thanks of the House to General Butler, for his able administration of the affairs of the Department of the Gulf, was adopted by a vote of 83 to 28. A resolution calling for a detailed report of operations connected with the negroes at Port Royal, and in Georgia, was laid on the table—81 against 50. On motion of Mr. Dunn, it was resolved that the Attorney-General be requested to inform the House whether the law for the confiscation of rebel property has been enforced in the District of Columbia, and if not, the reason for delaying the execution of the same. A resolution, asking the Secretary of the Treasury why he has not provided the means for paying the army, and why the bonds heretofore authorized to be sold, if necessary, to make such payments, have not been sold, was adopted. The credentials of the member elect from the second district of Virginia, Mr. John B. M'Leod, were presented and referred. In Committee of the Whole a long and interesting debate occurred on national questions, in which Messrs. Stevens of Pennsylvania, Dunlap of Kentucky, Thomas of Massachusetts, Olin of New York, and Lovejoy of Illinois participated.

On Friday, 7th, in the Senate, a bill for the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan, so as to admit of the passage of armed vessels, and to enlarge the locks of Erie and Oswego canals in New York, to adapt them to the defense of the Northern lakes, was introduced and ordered to be printed. Senator Willey gave notice of a bill to aid Western Virginia in the speedy and final extinguishment of slavery in that State. A bill providing for the punishment of persons convicted of crime in the District of Columbia by confinement in the prisons of States, was passed. Senator Collamer introduced a bill authorizing suits to be instituted by persons who may have been wronged by reason of summary arrest, and for the transfer of such suits to the Circuit Court of the United States. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The joint resolution for the prompt payment of the army and navy was reported back by the Finance Committee.——In the House, reports for and against raising volunteers for the defense of Tennessee, were presented by the Military Committee. The bill making appropriations for the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the Government was passed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to general debate on national topics, in which Messrs. Bingham, Cox, Biddle, and Norton participated.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 12th, in the Senate, the bill providing for a further issue of bonds and United States notes, with a view to the prompt payment of the army and navy, was passed. A resolution requesting the President to inform the Senate what measures have been taken to enforce the Confiscation bill, and if any additional legislation is necessary for the enforcement of such act, was adopted. A resolution requesting the Committee on the Conduct of the War to report the causes of the non-execution of the Confiscation act, especially in the District of Columbia, was adopted. Notice was given of a bill for the consolidation of regiments in the field, and to facilitate the return of absentees from the army. The bill relative to arbitrary arrests was taken up, and Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, made a speech, in which he charged the Democrats with plotting to break up the Government, and Quarter-master General Meigs and Adjutant-General Thomas with disloyalty. The bill to raise volunteers for the defense of Kentucky was passed by a vote of 23 against 18.——In the House, a resolution to discharge the Ways and Means Committee from the further consideration of the bill reducing the duty on imported paper, and that the same be considered in the House forthwith, was laid on the table. The committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of reducing the duty on rags. A joint resolution, ratifying and approving of the President's emancipation proclamation was introduced, and a motion to lay it on the table was disagreed to—50 against 85. The subject was then referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of granting one hundred and sixty acres of land of any confiscated rebel plantation to soldiers was adopted by a vote of 66 against 59. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill providing for the employment of 150,000 negroes in the military service. A motion to lay it on the table was lost—53 against 83—and the bill was then laid aside till Wednesday week. In Committee of the Whole the bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government was taken up, and Mr. Spaulding delivered an important speech on the subject. He concluded by saying that by military success only could the national finances be maintained and the Union restored.

On Tuesday, 13th, in the Senate, the petition in favor of mediation in our affairs by Switzerland was reported back from the Foreign Affairs Committee with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed, which was agreed to. A bill for the consolidation of regiments in the field was introduced and referred. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to furnish the Senate with all official correspondence in reference to the capture of British vessels carrying articles contraband of war intended for the Southern rebels. A resolution was also adopted requesting the President to communicate the correspondence, if any there be, between the State Department and the Mexican Minister at Washington relative to exportations contraband of war from any of our ports to those of Mexico. The death of the late Senator James A. Pearce, of Maryland, was then announced, and, after eulogies on the deceased by different members, the Senate, out of respect to his memory, adjourned.——In the House, the Speaker announced Messrs. Fenton of New York, Kellogg of Illinois, Wadsworth of Kentucky, and English of Connecticut, as a special committee to inquire into the expediency and necessity of a direct railroad between New York and Washington, for the purpose of facilitating the transportation of mails, troops, arms and war munitions. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill to provide ways and means for the support of Government, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, spoke at some length on the subject. A message from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Pearce, of Maryland, was received, and various members, in fitting words, offered tributes to his memory, after which appropriate resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

OUR REPULSE AT VICKSBURG.

General Sherman's repulse at Vicksburg was complete. The entire force, under General M'Clernand, re-embarked on 3d on transports, closely followed by the rebel advance, which, coming in range of the gun-boats, were driven back with severe loss. Our loss, as near as could be ascertained, was six hundred killed, one thousand five hundred wounded, and one thousand missing.

A council of war was held on 4th on board the *Tigress*, which vessel for the present has been selected by General M'Clernand as his head-quarters. Admiral Porter, Major-Generals Sherman and M'Clernand, with the Generals of the divisions of the army in Kentucky were present. It was determined at this council that it would be folly again to attempt any thing further against Vicksburg with the present force. The rebels had means of communication by which they were too rapidly and heavily reinforced, while the Unionists had no such opportunity or prospect of receiving reinforcements. It was, therefore, deemed expedient that the campaign should be abandoned for the present.

A telegraphic dispatch from General Pemberton to the rebel Secretary of War, dated on the 8th, says that all the Union troops have gone up the river; that there were only seven gun-boats between Vicksburg and Milliken's Bend, and that the city was being strengthened every day, and could be maintained against all attacks. The rebel Generals Pemberton and Price are in command there. The rebel forces have been reinforced to the extent of sixty thousand men. They have an artillery force of one hundred and sixty guns in battery, besides a large number of field-pieces. Our losses in the expedition are from two thousand five hundred to three thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's loss is unknown, but it must have been large.

EXPEDITION UP WHITE RIVER.

Dispatches from Memphis state that Commodore Porter's squadron, together with a land force under General M'Clernand, have gone up the White River. General Grant had arrived at Memphis. Holly Springs is said to be nearly consumed.

RECAPTURE OF GALVESTON.

The rebels made an attack on Galveston, Texas, by land and water, on New-Year's Day, and recaptured it. They made a bold assault on steamers protected by cotton bales, from behind which they poured so murderous a fire upon our gun-boats that the *Harriet Lane* had to succumb, and was taken, after being boarded by the rebel sharp-shooters, and her captain (Wainwright) and most of her crew killed. The flag-ship *Westfield* was blown up by her commander, Captain Renshaw, in order to save her from capture. He and his first lieutenant and many of his crew perished with her. The small command under Colonel Burrill, at Galveston, were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. We give on page 60 a map of Galveston, which illustrates the event.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, in describing it, says: "General Magruder, in his official dispatch concerning the capture of the *Harriet Lane*, says, 'I have taken six hundred prisoners and a large quantity of valuable stores, arms, etc. The *Harriet Lane* is but little injured.'"

The rebels numbered about 5000. Colonel Burrill's troops did not exceed 300. Our loss is estimated at 150 killed and 200 taken prisoners.

AN ATTACK ON SPRINGFIELD.

On January 8 the rebels, 6000 strong, under Generals Marmaduke and Burbridge, made an attack on the town of Springfield, Missouri, and opened fire upon it without giving notice to remove the women and children. General Brown defended the town. A body of fully 1000 rebel cavalry were visible, drawn up in line of battle.

On 12th General Curtis telegraphed to General Halleck that our troops, under Colonel Crabb, at Springfield, had repulsed the rebels at that place at every advance, and then held the town. Our men behaved gallantly. We lost only 17 killed. The enemy were in full retreat, and General Curtis had three columns in pursuit of them. Thirty-five of the rebels were killed, and a large number of wounded were left in our hands.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

Intelligence from the vicinity of Murfreesboro is to the effect that General Bragg had fallen back to Tullahoma, to give his army rest. Tullahoma is situated on Rock Creek, seventy-one miles from Nashville and thirty-two from Murfreesboro, and on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, where it intercepts the M'Minnville and Manchester road. According to a rebel dispatch from Chattanooga, "The enemy [General Rosecrans] has advanced his line seven miles this side of Murfreesboro. He has been guilty of the most outrageous enormities, stealing private property, robbing peaceable citizens, and running off negroes."

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis has been making another speech at Mobile, in which he talks hopefully and boastingly of the ultimate success of the South over "the Yankees, who are seeking to enchain us in the same degrading servitude with themselves, with a baboon for a king."

THE "ALABAMA."

The *Alabama* appears to have turned up on the 12th ult. off the desert island of Banquitta, coast of Venezuela, where she took in coal from a vessel awaiting her there. The *San Jacinto* arrived there just twenty-four hours after the pirate left.

Another report says that she has gone to the south coast of Asia.

BURNING OF THE STATE HOUSE AT BATON ROUGE.

The State House at Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, now occupied by General Banks, was totally destroyed by fire on the 28th of December. The library and all the buildings connected with this fine structure were burned to the ground. It was strongly and plausibly suspected that the disaster was the work of rebel incendiaries.

A REWARD FOR BUTLER'S HEAD.

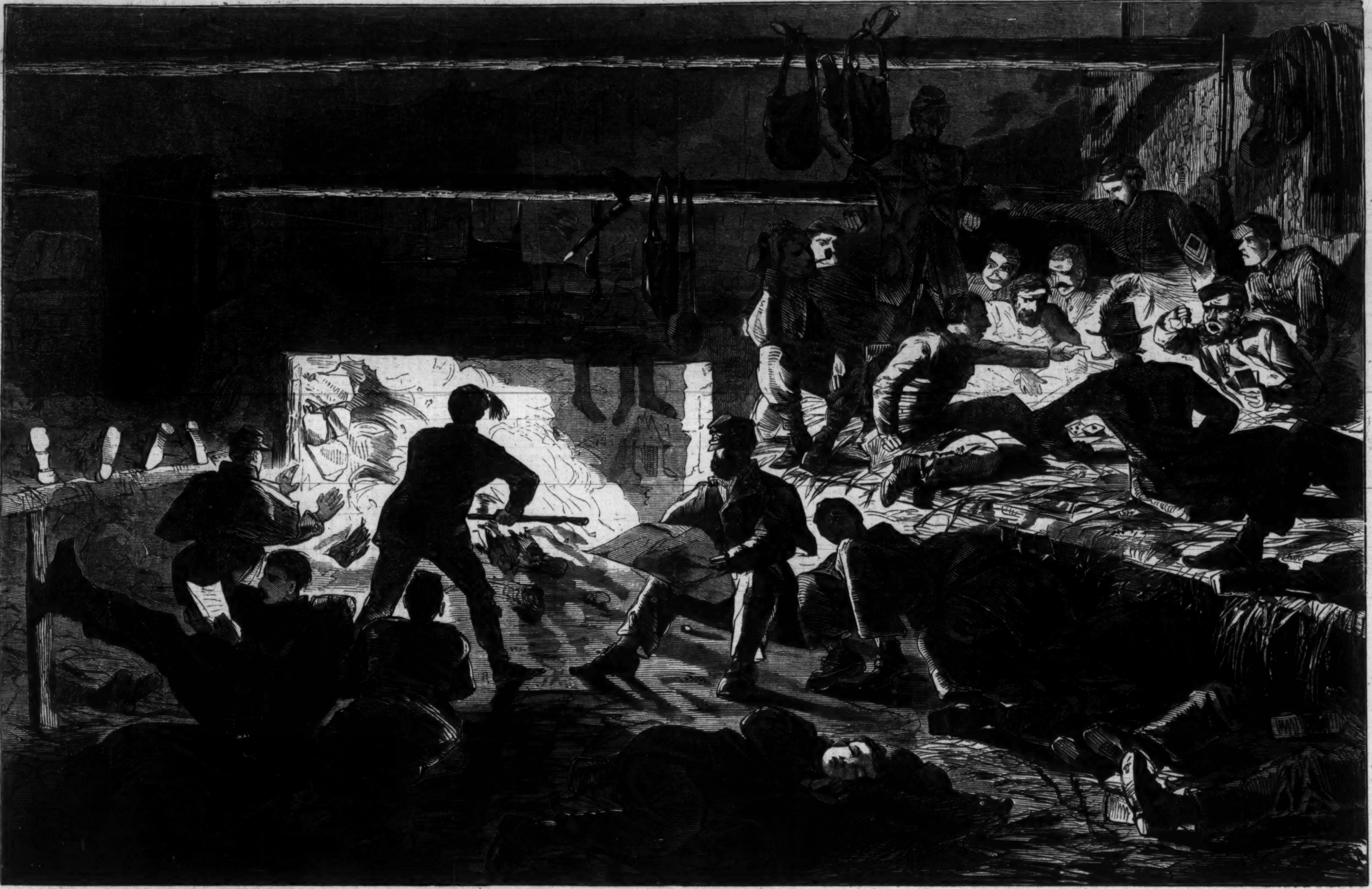
It appears by the Southern papers that Hon. Richard Yeadon has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the head of General Benjamin F. Butler. This Yeadon is editor of the Charleston *Courier*, and is known among the fraternity by the sobriquet of "Sancho Panza." From his personal appearance we should judge that he never had money enough to buy himself a respectable-looking coat.

FOREIGN NEWS.

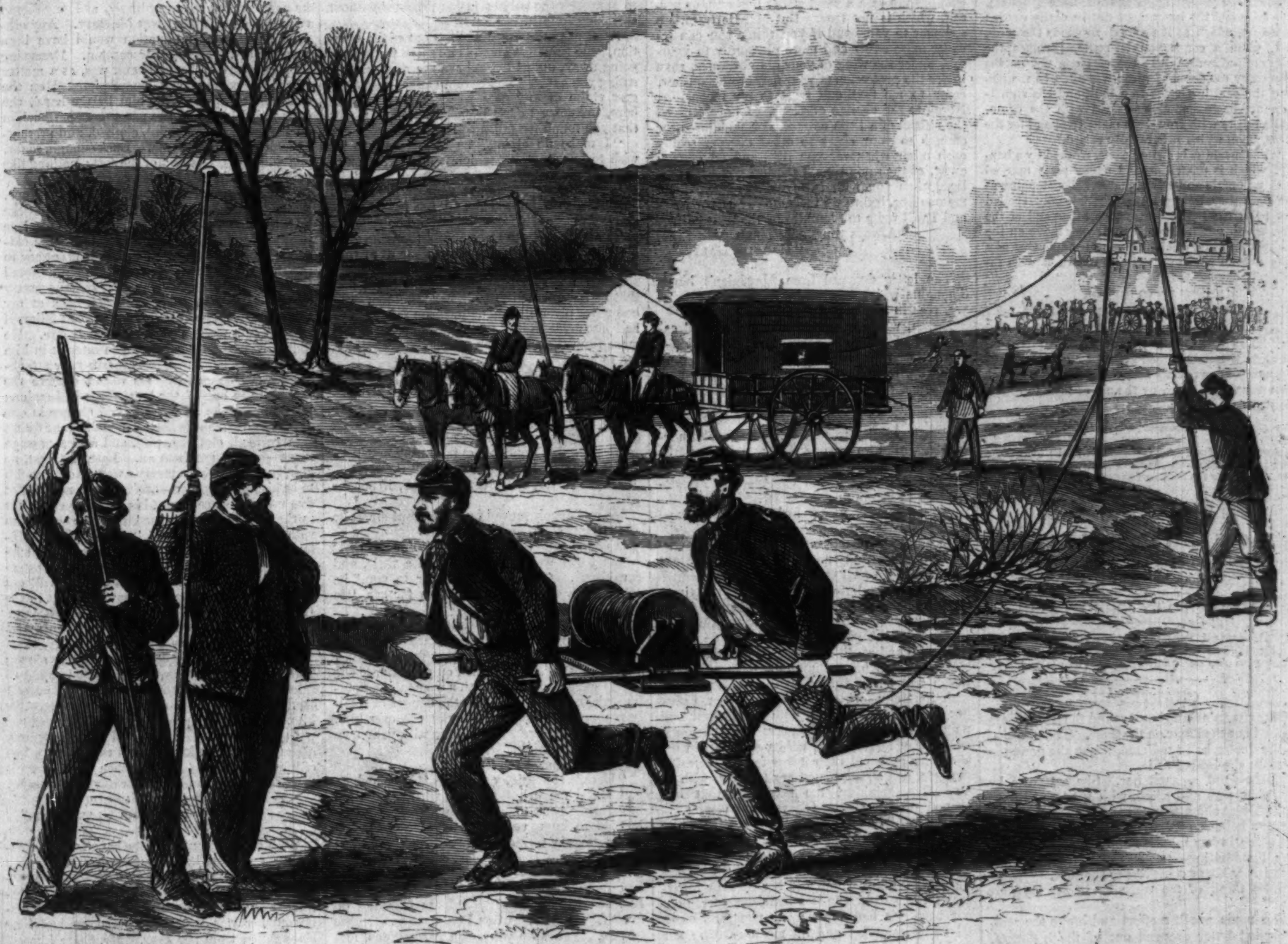
ENGLAND.

A MEETING OF WORKING MEN.

THE working men of Manchester have made an important demonstration in support of the cause of the American Union, expressing at the same time their approval of the war and emancipation policy of President Lincoln by the adoption of an address of congratulation to him. The Mayor of Manchester presided, but not in his official capacity, and the negro, Jackson, ex-coachman of Jeff Davis, was on the platform. A Union effort "to coerce the South" found favor, and was indorsed by the resolutions.



WINTER-QUARTERS IN CAMP—THE INSIDE OF A HUT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE ARMY TELEGRAPH—SETTING UP THE WIRE DURING AN ACTION.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

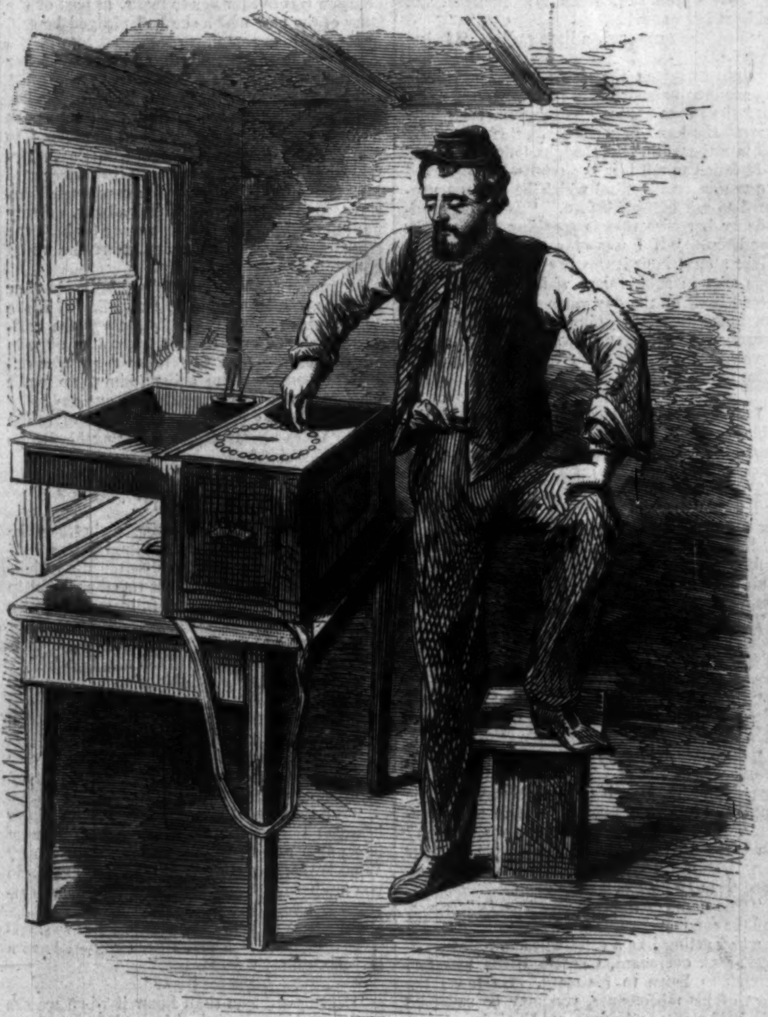
We continue our series of illustrations of the Army of the Potomac. On page 52 we publish a picture by Mr. W. Homer illustrating

CAMP-LIFE IN WINTER.

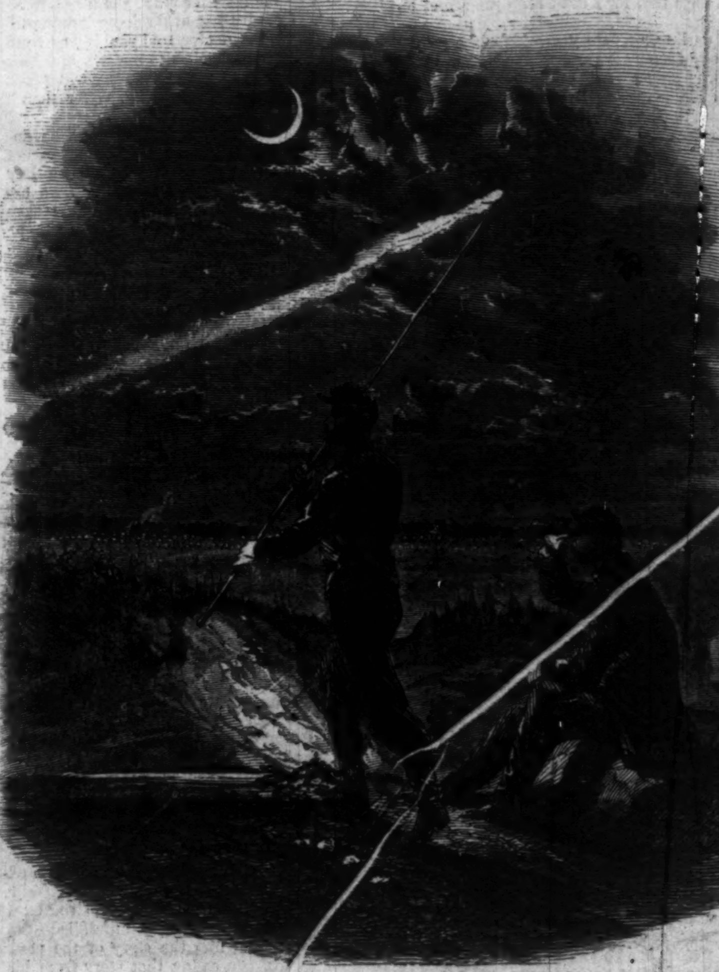
Mr. Homer shows us the interior of a hut, in which a glowing fire is blazing, shedding light and warmth around. Stretched on the floor, bunks, and seats, are soldiers in every imaginable position—smoking, chatting, reading, card-playing, and sleeping. Almost in every company there is one sharp-witted fellow who can tell a good story. The soldiers' great delight is to get this man into a tent or hut, and start him on a good long old-fashioned yarn, which lasts from dark until far on in the night. The scene—while the narrator is harrowing the imaginations of his rapt hearers, and the red glare of the fire lights up odd spots in the darkness—is very striking. On this page Mr. Waud has illustrated for us the

ARMY TELEGRAPH.

Of this important institution he says: "The army signal-telegraph has been so far perfected that in a few hours quite a large force can be in constant connection with head-quarters. This, while a battle is progressing, is a great convenience. The wire used is a copper one insulated,



THE ARMY TELEGRAPH—THE OPERATOR AT WORK.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]



A SIGNAL STATION AT NIGHT.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

raised on light poles, made expressly for the purpose, on convenient trees, or trailed along fences. The wire and the instrument can be easily carried in a cart, which as it proceeds unwinds the wire, and, when a connection is made, becomes the telegraph-office. Where the cart can not go the men carry the drum of wire by hand. In the picture the cart has come to a halt, and the signalmen are hastening along—some with the drum, while others with crow-bars make the holes for the poles, upon which it is rapidly raised.

"The machine is a simple one, worked by a handle, which is passed around a dial-plate marked with numerals and the alphabet. By stopping at the necessary letters a message is easily spelled out upon the instrument at the other end of the line, which repeats by a pointer every move on the dial-plate. The whole thing is so simple that any man able to read and write can work it with facility."

Mr. Davis shows us, on page 53,

AN ARMY SIGNAL-STATION AT NIGHT.

The signal corps is one of the most hard-worked and deserving bodies in the service. All day and all night these signalmen are kept busy telegraphing news of movements and orders from one end of the army to the other, by the aid of their inscrutable signals.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

MAGDALEN's first glance round the empty room showed her the letter on the table. The address, as the doctor had predicted, broke the news the moment she looked at it.

Not a word escaped her. She sat down by the table, pale and silent, with the letter in her lap. Twice she attempted to open it, and twice she put it back again. The by-gone time was not alone in her mind as she looked at her sister's handwriting—the fear of Kirke was there with it. "My past life!" she thought. "What will he think of me when he knows my past life?"

She made another effort and broke the seal. A second letter dropped out of the inclosure, addressed to her in a handwriting with which she was not familiar. She put the second letter aside, and read the lines which Norah had written:

"VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, *August* 24.

"MY DEAREST MAGDALEN,—When you read this letter, try to think we have only been parted since yesterday, and dismiss from your mind (as I have dismissed from mine) the past and all that belongs to it.

"I am strictly forbidden not to agitate you, or to weary you by writing a long letter. Is it wrong to tell you that I am the happiest woman living? I hope not, for I can't keep the secret to myself.

"My darling, prepare yourself for the greatest surprise I have ever caused you. I am married. It is only a week to-day since I parted with my old name—it is only a week since I have been the happy wife of George Bartram, of St. Crux.

"There were difficulties, at first, in the way of our marriage, some of them, I am afraid, of my making. Happily for me, my husband knew, from the beginning, that I really loved him; he gave me a second chance of telling him so after I had lost the first, and, as you see, I was wise enough to take it. You ought to be especially interested, my love, in this marriage, for you are the cause of it. If I had not gone to Aldborough to search for the lost trace of you—if George had not been brought there, at the same time, by circumstances in which you were concerned, my husband and I might never have met. When we look back to our first impressions of each other we look back to *you*.

"I must keep my promise not to weary you; I must bring this letter (sorely against my will) to an end. Patience! patience!—I shall see you soon! George and I are both coming to London to take you back with us to Ventnor. This is my husband's invitation, mind, as well as mine. Don't suppose I married him, Magdalen, until I had taught him to think of you as I think—to wish with my wishes, and to hope with my hopes. I could say so much more about this, so much more about George, if I might only give my thoughts and my pen their own way. But I must leave Miss Garth (at her own special request) a blank space to fill up on the last page of this letter; and I must only add one word more before I say good-by—a word to warn you that I have another surprise in store, which I am keeping in reserve until we meet. Don't attempt to guess what it is. You might guess for ages, and be no nearer than you are now to a discovery of the truth.

"Your affectionate sister,

"NORAH BARTRAM."

[ADDED BY MISS GARTH.]

"MY DEAR CHILD,—If I had ever lost my old loving recollection of you, I should feel it in my heart again now when I know that it has pleased God to restore you to us from the brink of the grave. I add these lines to your sister's letter because I am not sure that you are quite so fit yet, as she thinks you, to accept her proposal. She has not said a word of her husband, or herself, which is not true. But Mr. Bartram is a stranger to you—and if you think you can recover more easily and more pleasantly to yourself, under the wing of your old governess, than under the protection of your new brother-in-law, come to me first, and trust to my reconciling Norah to the change of plans. I have secured the refusal of a little cottage at Shanklin—near enough to your sister to allow of your seeing each other whenever you like, and far enough away, at the same time, to secure you the privilege, when you wish it, of being alone. Send me one line, before we meet, to say Yes or No—and I will write to Shanklin by the next post.

"Always yours affectionately,

"HARRIET GARTH."

The letter dropped from Magdalen's hand. Thoughts which had never risen in her mind yet, rose in it now.

Norah, whose courage under undeserved calamity had been the courage of resignation—Norah, who had patiently accepted her hard lot—who, from first to last, had meditated no vengeance, and stooped to no deceit—Norah had reached the end which all her sister's ingenuity, all her sister's resolution, and all her sister's daring, had failed to achieve. Openly and honorably, with love on one side and love on the other, Norah had married the man who possessed the Combe-Raven money—and Magdalen's own scheme to recover it had opened the way to the event which had brought husband and wife together!

As the light of that overwhelming discovery broke on her mind the old strife was renewed; and Good and Evil struggled once more which should win her—but with added forces this time; with the new spirit that had been breathed into her new life; with the nobler sense that had grown with the growth of her gratitude to the man who had saved her, fighting on the better side. All the higher impulses of her nature, which had never, from first to last, let her err with impunity—which had tortured her, before her marriage and after it, with the remorse that no woman inherently heartless and inherently wicked can feel—all the nobler elements in her character gathered their forces for the crowning struggle, and strengthened her to meet, with no unworthy shrinking, the revelation that had opened on her view. Clearer and clearer, in the light of its own immortal life, the truth rose before her from the ashes of her dead passions, from the grave of her buried hopes. When she looked at the letter again—when she read the words once more, which told her that the recovery of the lost fortune was her sister's triumph, not hers, she had victoriously trampled down all little jealousies and all mean regrets; she could say in her heart of hearts, "Norah has deserved it!"

The day wore on. She sat absorbed in her own thoughts, and heedless of the second letter, which she had not opened yet until Kirke's return.

He stopped on the landing outside, and, opening the door a little way only, asked, without entering the room, if she wanted any thing that he could send her. She begged him to come in. His face was worn and weary; he looked older than she had seen him look yet. "Did you put my letter on the table for me?" she asked.

"Yes. I put it there at the doctor's request."

"I suppose the doctor told you it was from my sister? She is coming to see me, and Miss Garth is coming to see me. They will thank you for all your goodness to me better than I can."

"I have no claim on their thanks," he answered, sternly. "What I have done was not done for them but for you." He waited a little and looked at her. His face would have betrayed him in that look; his voice would have betrayed him in the next words he spoke, if she had not guessed the truth already. "When your friends come here," he resumed, "they will take you away, I suppose, to some better place than this?"

"They can take me to no place," she said, gently, "which I shall think of as I think of the place where you found me. They can take me to no dearer friend than the friend who has saved my life."

There was a moment's silence between them.

"We have been very happy here," he went on, in lower and lower tones. "You won't forget me when we have said good-by?"

She turned pale as the words passed his lips; and, leaving her chair, knelt down at the table, so as to look up into his face, and to force him to look into hers.

"Why do you talk of it?" she asked. "We are not going to say good-by—at least not yet."

"I thought—" he began.

"Yes?"

"I thought your friends were coming here—"

She eagerly interrupted him. "Do you think I would go away with any body," she said, "even with the dearest relation I have in the world, and leave you here, not knowing and not caring whether I ever saw you again? Oh, you don't think that of me!" she exclaimed, with the passionate tears springing into her eyes—"I'm sure you don't think that of me!"

"No," he said; "I never have thought, I never can think, unjustly or unworthily of you."

Before he could add another word she left the table as suddenly as she had approached it, and returned to her chair. He had unconsciously replied in terms that reminded her of the hard necessity which still remained unfulfilled—the necessity of telling him the story of the past. Not an idea of concealing that story from his knowledge crossed her mind. "Will he love me, when he knows the truth, as he loves me now?" That was her only thought as she tried to approach the subject in his presence without shrinking from it.

"Let us put my own feelings out of the question," she said. "There is a reason for my not going away, unless I first have the assurance of seeing you again. You have a claim—the strongest claim of any one—to know how I came here, unknown to my friends, and how it was that you found me fallen so low."

"I make no claim," he said, hastily. "I wish to know nothing which it distresses you to tell me."

"You have always done your duty," she rejoined, with a faint smile. "Let me take example from you, if I can, and try to do mine."

"I am old enough to be your father," he said, bitterly. "Duty is more easily done at my age than it is at yours."

His age was so constantly in his mind now that he fancied it must be in her mind too. She had never given it a thought. The reference he had just made to it did not divert her for a moment from the subject on which she was speaking to him.

"You don't know how I value your good opinion of me," she said, struggling resolutely to sustain her sinking courage. "How can I deserve your kindness, how can I feel that I am worthy of your regard, until I have opened my heart to you? Oh, don't encourage me in my own miserable weakness! Help me to tell the truth—*force* me to tell it, for my own sake, if not for yours!"

He was deeply moved by the fervent sincerity of that appeal.

"You *shall* tell it," he said. "You are right—and I was wrong." He waited a little, and considered. "Would it be easier to you," he asked, with delicate consideration for her, "to write it than to tell it?"

She caught gratefully at the suggestion. "Far easier," she replied. "I can be sure of myself—I can be sure of hiding nothing from you, if I write it. Don't write to me, on your side!" she added suddenly, seeing, with a woman's instinctive quickness of penetration, the danger of totally renouncing her personal influence over him. "Wait till we meet, and tell me with your own lips what you think."

"Where shall I tell it?"

"Here," she said, eagerly. "Here, where you found me helpless—here, where you have brought me back to life, and where I have first learned to know you. I can bear the hardest words you say to me, if you will only say them in this room. It is impossible I can be away longer than a month; a month will be enough, and more than enough. If I come back—" She stopped confusedly. "I am thinking of myself," she said, "when I ought to be thinking of you. You have your own occupations, and your own friends. Will you decide for us? Will you say how it shall be?"

"It shall be as you wish. If you come back in a month, you will find me here."

"Will it cause you no sacrifice of your own comfort and your own plans?"

"It will cause me nothing," he replied, "but a journey back to the City." He rose and took his hat. "I must go there at once," he added, "or I shall not be in time."

"It is a promise between us?" she said, and held out her hand.

"Yes," he answered, a little sadly. "It is a promise."

Slight as it was, the shade of melancholy in his manner pained her. Forgetting all other anxieties in the anxiety to cheer him, she gently pressed the hand he gave her. "If *that* won't tell him the truth," she thought, "nothing will."

It failed to tell him the truth—but it forced a question on his mind which he had not ventured to ask himself before. "Is it her gratitude or her love that is speaking to me?" he wondered. "If I was only a younger man, I might almost hope it was her love." That terrible sum in subtraction, which had first presented itself on the day when she told him her age began to trouble him again as he left the house. He took twenty from forty-one, at intervals, all the way back to the ship-owners' office in Cornhill.

Left by herself, Magdalen approached the table to write the line of answer which Miss Garth requested, and gratefully to accept the proposal that had been made to her.

The second letter, which she had laid aside and forgotten, was the first object that caught her eye on changing her place. She opened it immediately, and not recognizing the handwriting, looked at the signature. To her unutterable astonishment her correspondent proved to be no less a person than old Mr. Clare!

The philosopher's letter dispensed with all the ordinary forms of address, and entered on its subject without prefatory phrases of any kind in these uncompromising terms:

"I have more news for you of that contemptible cur, my son. Here it is in the fewest possible words.

"I always told you, if you remember, that Frank was a Sneak. The very first trace recovered of him, after his running away from his employers in China, presents him in that character. Where do you think he turns up next? He turns up hidden behind a couple of flour barrels, on board an English vessel bound homeward from Hong-Kong to London.

"The name of the ship was *The Deliverance*, and the commander was one Captain Kirke. Instead of acting like a sensible man, and throwing Frank overboard, Captain Kirke was fool enough to listen to his story. He made the most of his misfortunes, you may be sure—he was half starved; he was an Englishman lost in a strange country, without a friend to help him; his only chance of getting home was to sneak into the hold of an English vessel—and he had sneaked in, accordingly, at Hong-Kong, two days since. That was his story. Any other lout in Frank's situation would have been rope's-ended by any other captain. Deserving no pity from any body, Frank was, as a matter of course, coddled and compassionated on the spot. The captain took him by the hand, the crew pitied him, and the passengers patted him on the back. He was fed, clothed, and presented with his passage home. Luck enough, so far, you will say. Nothing of the sort; nothing like luck enough for my despicable son.

"The ship touched at the Cape of Good Hope. Among his other acts of folly, Captain Kirke took a woman-passenger on board at that place—not a young woman, by any means—the elderly widow of a rich colonist. Is it necessary to say that she forthwith became deeply interested in Frank and his misfortunes? Is it necessary to tell you what followed? Look back at my son's career, and you will see that what followed was all of a piece with what went before. He didn't deserve your poor father's interest in him—and he got it. He didn't deserve your attachment—and he got it. He didn't deserve the best place in one of the best offices in London; he didn't deserve an equally good chance in one of the best mercantile houses in China; he didn't deserve food, clothing, pity, and a free passage home—and he got them all. Last, not least, he didn't even deserve to marry a woman old enough to be his grandmother—and he has done it. Not five minutes since I sent his wedding-cards out to the dust-hole, and tossed the letter that came with them into the fire. The last piece of information which that letter contains is, that he and his wife are looking out for a house and estate to suit them. Mark my words, Frank will get one of the best estates in England; a seat in the House of Commons will follow as a matter of course; and one of the legislators of this Ass-ridden country will be—MY LOUT!

"If you are the sensible girl I have always taken you for, you have long since learned to rate Frank at his true value, and the news I send you will only confirm your contempt for him. I wish your poor father could have lived but to see this day. Often as I have missed my old gossip, I don't know that I ever felt the loss of him so keenly as I felt it when Frank's wedding-cards and Frank's letter came to this house.

"Your friend, if you ever want one,

"FRANCIS CLARE, SEN."

With one momentary disturbance of her composure, produced by the appearance of Kirke's name in Mr. Clare's singular narrative, Magdalen read the letter steadily through from beginning to end. The time when it could have distressed her was gone by; the scales had long since fallen from her eyes. Mr. Clare himself would have been satisfied if he had seen the quiet contempt on her face as she laid aside his letter. The only serious thought it cost her was a thought in which Kirke was concerned. The careless manner in which he had referred, in her presence, to the passengers on board his ship, without mentioning any of them by their names, showed her that Frank must have kept silence on the subject of the engagement once existing between them. The confession of that vanished delusion was left for her to make, as part of the story of the past which she had pledged herself unreservedly to reveal.

She wrote to Miss Garth, and sent the letter to the post immediately.

The next morning brought a line of rejoinder. Miss Garth had written to secure the cottage at Shanklin, and Mr. Merrick had consented to Magdalen's removal on the following day. Norah would be the first to arrive at the house; and Miss Garth would follow, with a comfortable carriage, to take the invalid to the railway. Every needful arrangement had been made for her: the effort of moving was the one effort she would have to make.

Magdalen read the letter thankfully—but her thoughts wandered from it, and followed Kirke on his return to the City. What was the business which had once already taken him there in the morning? And why had the promise exchanged between them obliged him to go to the City again for the second time in one day?

Was it by any chance business relating to the sea? Were his employers tempting him to go back to his ship?

CHAPTER IV.

THE first agitation of the meeting between the sisters was over; the first vivid impressions, half pleasurable, half painful, had softened a little—and Norah and Magdalen sat together, hand in hand, each rapt in the silent fullness of her own joy.

Magdalen was the first to speak.

"You have something to tell me, Norah?"

"I have a thousand things to tell you, my love; and you have ten thousand things to tell me. Do you mean that second surprise, which I told you of in my letter?"

"Yes. I suppose it must concern me very nearly, or you would hardly have thought of mentioning it in your first letter?"

"It does concern you very nearly. You have heard of George's house in Essex? You must be familiar at least with the name of St. Crux? What is there to start at, my dear? I am afraid you are hardly strong enough for any more surprises just yet?"

"Quite strong enough, Norah. I have something to say to you about St. Crux—I have a surprise, on my side, for *you*."

"Will you tell it me now?"

"Not now. You shall know it when we are at the sea-side—you shall know it before I accept the kindness which has invited me to your husband's house."

"What *can* it be? Why not tell me at once?"

"You used often to set me the example of patience, Norah, in old times—will you set me the example now?"

"With all my heart. Shall I return to my own story as well? Yes? Then we will go back to it at once. I was telling you that St. Crux is George's house, in Essex, the house he inherited from his uncle. Knowing that Miss Garth had a curiosity to see the place, he left word (when he went abroad after the admiral's death) that she and any friends who came with her were to be admitted, if she happened to find herself in the neighborhood during his absence. Miss Garth and I, and a large party of Mr. Tyrrel's friends, found ourselves in the neighborhood not long after George's departure. We had all been invited to see the launch of Mr. Tyrrel's new yacht, from the builder's yard at Wivenhoe in Essex. When the launch was over the rest of the company returned to Colchester to dine. Miss Garth and I contrived to get into the same carriage together, with nobody but my two little pupils for our companions. We gave the coachman his orders, and drove round by St. Crux. The moment Miss Garth mentioned her name we were let in, and shown all over the house. I don't know how to describe it to you: it is the most bewildering place I ever saw in my life—"

"Don't attempt to describe it, Norah. Go on with your story instead."

"Very well. My story takes me straight into one of the rooms at St. Crux—a room about as long as your street here; so dreary, so dirty, and so dreadfully cold that I shiver at the bare recollection of it. Miss Garth was for getting out of it again as speedily as possible, and so was I. But the housekeeper declined to let us off without first looking at a singular piece of furniture—the only piece of furniture in the comfortless place. She called it a tripod, I think. (There is nothing to be alarmed at, Magdalen; I assure you there is nothing to be alarmed at!) At any rate, it was a strange three-legged thing, which supported a great pan full of charcoal ashes at the top. It was considered by all good judges (the housekeeper told us) a wonderful piece of chasing in metal; and she especially pointed out the beauty of some scroll-work running round the inside of the pan, with Latin mottoes on it, signifying—I forget what. I felt not the slightest interest in the thing myself, but I looked close at the scroll-work to satisfy the housekeeper. To confess the truth, she was rather tiresome with her mechanically-learned lecture on fine metal-work, and while she was talking I found myself idly stirring the soft, feathery white ashes backward and forward with my hand, pretending to listen, with my mind a hundred miles away from her. I don't know how long or how short a time I had been playing with the ashes when my finger suddenly encountered a piece of crumpled paper hidden deep among them. When I brought it to the surface it proved to be a letter—a long letter full of cramped, close writing. You have anticipated my story, Magdalen, before I can end it. You know as well as I do that the letter which my idle fingers found was the Secret Trust. Hold out your hand, my dear. I have got George's permission to show it to you—and there it is!"

She put the Trust into her sister's hand. Magdalen took it from her mechanically. "You!" she said, looking at her sister with the remembrance of all that she had vainly ventured, of all that she had vainly suffered at St. Crux. "*You* have found it!"

"Yes," said Norah, gayly. "The Trust has proved no exception to the general perversity of all lost things. Look for them, and they remain invisible. Leave them alone, and they reveal themselves? You and your lawyer, Magdalen, were both justified in supposing that your interest in this discovery was an interest of no common kind. I spare you all our consultations after I had produced the crumpled paper from the ashes. It ended in George's lawyer being written to, and in George himself being recalled from the Continent. Miss Garth and I both saw him immediately on his return; and he did, what neither of us could do—he solved the mystery of the Trust being hidden in the charcoal ashes. Admiral Bartram, you must know, was all his life subject to fits of somnambulism. He had been found walking in his sleep not long before his death—just at the time, too, when he was sadly troubled in his mind on the subject of that very letter in your hand. George's idea is that he must have fancied he was doing, in his sleep, what he would have died rather than do in his waking moments—destroying the Trust. The fire had been lit in the pan not long before, and he no doubt saw it still burning in his dream. This was George's explanation of the strange position of the letter when I discovered it. The question of what was to be done with the letter itself came next, and was no easy question for a woman to understand. But I determined to master it, and I did master it, because it related to you."

"Let me try to master it in my turn," said Magdalen. "I have a particular reason for wishing to know as much about this letter as you know yourself. What has it done for others? and what is it to do for me?"

"My dear Magdalen, how strangely you look at it! how strangely you talk of it! Worthless as it may appear, that morsel of paper gives you a fortune."

"Is my only claim to the fortune the claim which this letter gives me?"

"Yes—the letter is your only claim. Shall I try if I can explain it in two words? Taken by itself, the letter might, in the lawyer's opinion, have been made a matter for dispute—though I am sure George would have sanctioned no proceeding of that sort. Taken, however, with the postscript which Admiral Bartram attached to it (you will see the lines if you look under the signature on the third page), it becomes legally binding, as well as morally binding, on the admiral's representatives. I have exhausted my small stock of legal words, and must go on in my own language instead of in the lawyer's. The end of the thing was simply this. All the money went back to Mr. Noel Vanstone's estate (another legal word! my vocabulary is richer than I thought), for one plain reason—that it had not been employed as Mr. Noel Vanstone directed. If Mrs. Girdlestone had lived, or if George had married me a few months earlier, results would have been just the other way. As it is, half the money has been already divided between Mr. Noel Vanstone's next of kin, which means, translated into plain English, my husband and his poor bedridden sister—who took the money formally, one day, to satisfy the lawyer, and who gave it back again generously the next to satisfy herself. So much for one half of the legacy. The other half, my dear, is all yours. How strangely events happen, Magdalen! It is only two years since you and I were left disinherited orphans, and we are sharing our poor father's fortune between us after all!"

"Wait a little, Norah. Our shares come to us in very different ways."

"Do they? Mine comes to me by my husband. Yours comes to you—" She stopped confusedly, and changed color. "Forgive me, my own love!" she said, putting Magdalen's hand to her lips. "I have forgotten what I ought to have remembered. I have thoughtlessly distressed you!"

"No!" said Magdalen. "You have encouraged me."

"Encouraged you?"

"You shall see."

With those words she rose quietly from the sofa, and walked to the open window. Before Norah could follow her she had torn the Trust to pieces, and had cast the fragments into the street.

She came back to the sofa and laid her head with a deep sigh of relief on Norah's bosom. "I will owe nothing to my past life," she said. "I have parted with it as I have parted with those torn morsels of paper. All the thoughts and all the hopes belonging to it are put away from me forever!"

"Magdalen! my husband will never allow you—I will never allow you myself—"

"Hush! hush! What your husband thinks right, Norah, you and I will think right too. I will take from *you* what I would never have taken if that letter had given it to me. The end I dreamed of has come. Nothing is changed but the position I once thought we might hold toward each other. Better as it is, my love—far, far better as it is."

So she made the last sacrifice of the old perversity and the old pride. So she entered on the new and nobler life.

* * * * * *

A month had passed. The autumn sunshine was bright even in the murky streets; and the clocks in the neighborhood were just striking two as Magdalen returned alone to the house in Aaron's Buildings.

"Is he waiting for me?" she asked, anxiously, when the landlady let her in.

He was waiting in the front room. Magdalen stole up the stairs and knocked at the door. He called to her carelessly and absently to come in—plainly thinking that it was only the servant who applied for permission to enter the room.

"You hardly expected me so soon?" she said, speaking on the threshold, and pausing there to enjoy his surprise as he started to his feet and looked at her.

The only traces of illness still visible in her face left a delicacy in its outline which added refinement to her beauty. She was simply dressed in muslin. Her plain straw-bonnet had no other ornament than the white ribbon with which it was sparingly trimmed. She had never looked lovelier in her best days than she looked now, as she advanced to the table at which he had been sitting, with a little basket of flowers that she had brought with her from the country, and offered him her hand.

He looked anxious and care-worn when she saw him closer. She interrupted his first inquiries and congratulations to ask if he had remained in London since they had parted—if he had not even gone away for a few days only to see his friends in Suffolk? No: he had been in London ever since. He never told her that the pretty parsonage-house in Suffolk wanted all those associations with herself in which the poor four walls at Aaron's Buildings were so rich. He only said he had been in London ever since.

"I wonder," she asked, looking him attentively in the face, "if you are as happy to see me again as I am to see you?"

"Perhaps I am even happier, in my different way," he answered, with a smile.

She took off her bonnet and scarf, and seated herself once more in her own arm-chair. "I suppose the street is very ugly," she said; "and I am sure nobody can deny that the house is very small. And yet—and yet it feels like coming home again. Sit there, where you used to sit, and tell me about yourself; I want to know all that you have done—all that you have thought even—while I have been away." She tried to resume the endless succession of questions by means of which she was accustomed to lure him into speaking of himself. But she put them far less spontaneously, far less adroitly, than usual. Her one all-absorbing anxiety in entering that room was not an anxiety to be trifled with. After a quarter of an hour wasted in constrained inquiries on one side, in reluctant replies on the other, she ventured near the dangerous subject at last.

"Have you received the letters I wrote to you from the sea-side?" she asked, suddenly, looking away from him for the first time.

"Yes," he said, "all."

"Have you read them?"

"Every one of them; many times over."

Her heart beat as if it would suffocate her. She had kept her promise bravely. The whole story of her life, from the time of the home-wreck at Combe-Raven, to the time when she had destroyed the Secret Trust in her sister's presence, had been all laid before him. Nothing that she had done, nothing even that she had thought, had been concealed from his knowledge. As he would have kept a pledged engagement with her, so she had kept her pledged engagement with him. She had not faltered in the resolution to do this—and now she faltered over the one decisive question which she had come there to ask. Strong as the desire in her was to know if she had lost or won him, the fear of knowing was, at that moment, stronger still. She waited and trembled; she waited, and said no more.

"May I speak to you about your letters?" he asked. "May I tell you—"

If she had looked at him, as he said those few words, she would have seen what he thought of her in his face. She would have seen, innocent as he was in this world's knowledge, that he knew the priceless value, the all-ennobling virtue, of a woman who speaks the truth. But she had no courage to look at him—no courage to raise her eyes from her lap.

"Not just yet," she said, faintly. "Not quite so soon after we have met again."

She rose hurriedly from her chair and walked to the window, turned back again into the room and approached the table, close to where he was sitting. The writing materials scattered near him offered her a pretext for changing the subject, and she seized on it directly. "Were you writing a letter," she asked, "when I came in?"

"I was thinking about it," he replied. "It was not a letter to be written without thinking first." He rose, as he answered her, to gather the writing materials together, and put them away.

"Why should I interrupt you?" she said. "Why not let me try whether I can't help you instead. Is it a secret?"

"No—not a secret."

He hesitated as he answered her. She instantly guessed the truth.

"Is it about your ship?"

He little knew how she had been thinking in her absence from him of the business which he believed that he had concealed from her. He little knew that she had learned already to be jealous of his ship.

"Do they want you to return to your old life?" she went on. "Do they want you to go back to the sea? Must you say Yes or No at once?"

"At once."

"If I had not come in when I did, would you have said Yes?"

She unconsciously laid her hand on his arm, forgetting all inferior considerations in her breathless anxiety to hear his next words. The confession of his love was within a hair's-breadth of escaping him, but he checked the utterance of it even yet. "I don't care for myself," he thought. "But how can I be certain of not distressing *her?*"

"Would you have said Yes?" she repeated.

"I was doubting," he answered—"I was doubting between Yes and No."

Her hand tightened on his arm; a sudden trembling seized her in every limb; she could bear it no longer. All her heart went out to him in her next words.

"Were you doubting *for my sake?*"

"Yes," he said. "Take my confession in return for yours—I was doubting for your sake."

She said no more—she only looked at him. In that look the truth reached him at last. The next instant she was folded in his arms, and was shedding delicious tears of joy, with her face hidden on his bosom.

"Do I deserve my happiness?" she murmured, asking the one question at last. "Oh, I know how the poor narrow people who have never felt and never suffered would answer me if I asked them what I ask you. If *they* knew my story they would forget all the provocation, and only remember the offense—they would fasten on my sin, and pass all my suffering by. But you are not one of them? Tell me if you have any shadow of a misgiving! Tell me if you doubt that the one dear object of all my life to come is to live worthy of you! I asked you to wait and see me: I asked you if there was any hard truth to be told to tell it me here with your own lips. Tell it, my love, my husband!—tell it me now!"

She looked up, still clinging to him as she clung to the hope of her better life to come.

"Tell me the truth!" she repeated.

"With my own lips?"

"Yes!" she answered, eagerly. "Say what you think of me with your own lips."

He stooped and kissed her.

THE END.

EMANCIPATION.

This week we publish, on pages 56 and 57, another double-page drawing by Thomas Nast, the subject of which is the great event of the day—Emancipation.

In the centre of the picture is a negro's free and happy home. Here domestic peace and comfort reign supreme, the reward of faithful labor, undertaken with the blissful knowledge that at last its benefit belongs to the laborer *only*, and that all his honest earnings are to be appropriated as he may see fit to the object he has most at heart—his children's advancement and education.

On the wall hangs a portrait of President Lincoln, whom the family can not sufficiently admire and revere. They regard him with feelings akin to veneration, and in each heart there is honest love and gratitude for him. Near this is a banjo, their favorite musical instrument, a source of never-ending enjoyment and recreation.

At the top of the picture the Goddess of Liberty appropriately figures. The slaves have often heard of her before, but have rather regarded her as a myth. Underneath is old Father Time, holding a little child (the New Year), who is striking off the chains of the bondman and setting him at liberty forever.

On the left are incidents of everyday occurrence in slave life; and, in happy contrast, on the right we see some of the inevitable results of freedom and civilization. One of the scenes represented is a slave sale. We can not do better than quote verbatim some parts of a report which appeared in the *Tribune* of March 11, 1859. The sale consisted of 436 slaves—men, women, and children—and were the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, and were sold to pay his debts. It took place near the city of Savannah, Georgia:

> "There were no light mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness. They have been little defiled by the admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood, and for the most part could boast that they were of as pure a breed as the bluest blood of Spain.
>
> "None of the Butler slaves have ever been sold before, but have been on these two plantations ever since they were born. [We should have said before that old Major Butler left the property to his two sons, and those sold were only half of them, the others still remaining as before.] Here have they lived their humble lives and loved their simple loves; here were they born, and here have many of them had children born unto them; here had their parents lived before them, and are now resting in quiet graves on the old plantations that these unhappy ones are to see no more forever; here they left not only the well-known scenes dear to them from very babyhood by a thousand fond memories, and homes as much loved by them, perhaps, as brighter homes by men of brighter faces; but all the clinging ties that bound them to living hearts were torn asunder, for but one half of each of these two unhappy little communities was sent to the shambles, to be scattered to the four winds, and the other half was left behind. And who can tell how closely intertwined are the affections of a little band of four hundred persons living isolated from all the world beside, from birth to middle age? Do they not naturally become one great family, each man a brother unto each?
>
> "It is true they were sold 'in families,' but let us see: A man and his wife were called 'a family;' their parents and kindred were not taken into account; the man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina, their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and the rice swamps of Louisiana, while the parents might be left on the old plantation, to wear out their weary lives in heavy grief, and lay their heads in far-off graves over which their children might never weep. And no account could be taken of loves that were as yet unconsummated by marriage, and how many aching hearts have been divorced by this summary proceeding no man can ever know.
>
> "And the separation is as utter, and is infinitely more hopeless, than that made by the angel of death, for then the loved ones are committed to the care of a merciful Deity, but in the other instance to the tender mercies of a slave-driver. These dark-skinned unfortunates are perfectly unlettered, and could not communicate by writing even if they should know where to send their missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, clung all their sympathies and affections, not less strong, perhaps, because they are so few. The blades of grass on all the Butler estates are outnumbered by the tears that are poured out in agony at the wreck that has been wrought in happy homes, and the crushing grief that has been laid on loving hearts."

The quiet and reserved deportment of the slaves during the few days that preceded the sale, when the buyers, coming from far and near, had leisure to examine them, particularly of the women, is spoken of thus:

> "The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke the first unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do. Their conversation and demeanor were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land; and through all the insults to which they were subjected they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect.
>
> "And now come the scenes of the last partings—of the final separations of those who were akin, or who had been such dear friends from youth that no ties of kindred could bind them closer—of those who were all in all to each other, and for whose bleeding hearts there shall be no earthly comfort—the parting of parents from children, of brother from brother, and the rending of sister from a sister's bosom; and oh, hardest, cruelest of all, the tearing asunder of loving hearts, wedded in all save the one ceremony of the Church—these scenes pass all description; it is not meet for pen to meddle with tears so holy."

In the picture above this is a slaver from Africa laden with its precious freight of hundreds of human beings, packed as close as possible. In the same picture are runaway slaves. One of them has already been overtaken by the unerring scent of the carefully-trained blood-hound; another has yielded up his life rather than his liberty; and some others are trying hard to make their escape to the dismal swamp. The lower picture shows us the overseer compelling the negroes to work by the power of the lash.

The other side of our picture shows us the negroes receiving pay for their faithful labor—their just due for services rendered their employer—and the children going to school.

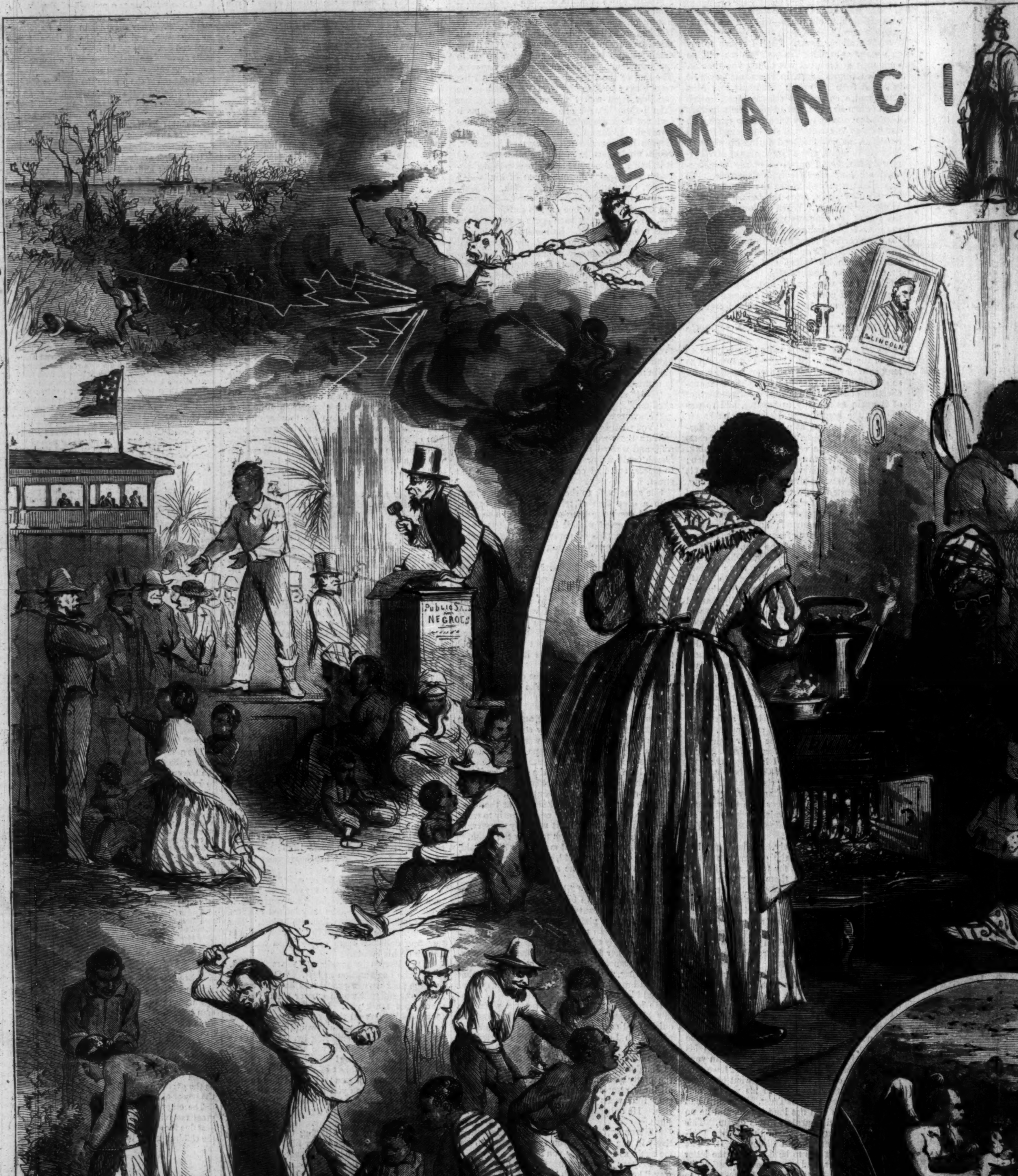
METHOD.

Nature, that will not be commanded, never
 To arbitrary method hath submitted:
And time, that tends on nature, men not ever
 Have into limitary system fitted.

We call a year a year, and bid it cover
 Three hundred five and sixty days: who'll trust it?
Mere fiction! since a fraction still stays over,
 And we, to keep our plan, must readjust it.

Even if within the hundredth of a minute
 We could approach precision, that small fraction
Would still bear our discomfiture within it,
 And doom our nicest system to destruction.

Then let us follow nature, glad and fleeting,
 Since her fast footstep not her best trap catches;
Content to time her progress by the beating
 Of her own bosom, not of our wise watches.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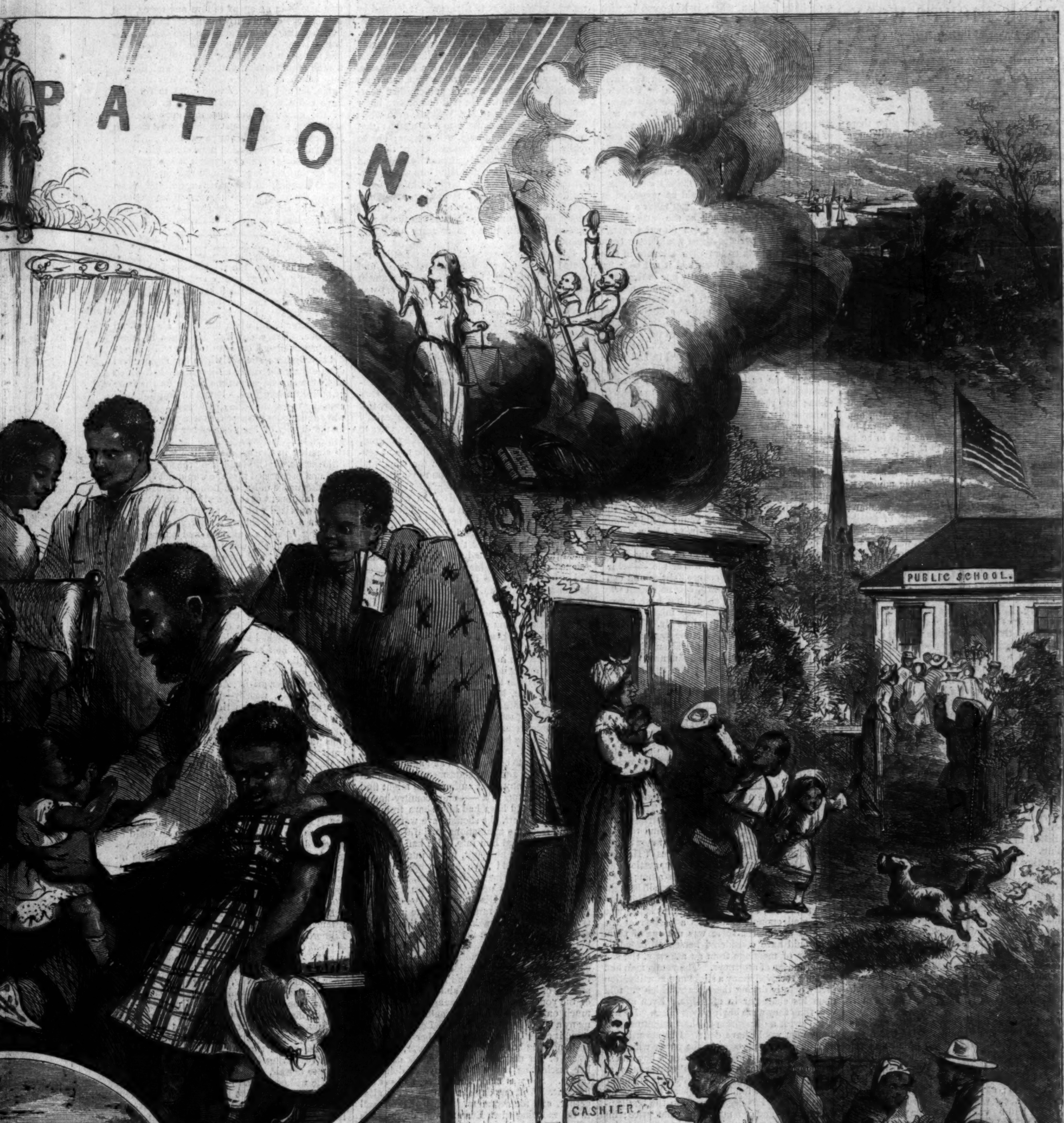
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PUBLIC SCHOOL.
CASHIER.
Th. Nast.

T AND THE FUTURE.—Drawn by Mr. Thomas Nast.—[See preceding Page.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.

IN the county town of a certain shire there lived (about forty years ago) one Mr. Wilkins, a conveyancing attorney of considerable standing.

The certain shire was but a small county, and the principal town in it contained only about four thousand inhabitants; so in saying that Mr. Wilkins was the principal lawyer in Hamley I say very little unless I add that he transacted all the legal business of the gentry for twenty miles round. His grandfather had established the connection; his father had consolidated and strengthened it, and, indeed, by his wise and upright conduct, as well as by his professional skill, had obtained for himself the position of confidential friend to many of the surrounding families of distinction. He visited among them in a way which no mere lawyer had ever done before; dined at their tables—he alone, not accompanied by his wife, be it observed—rode to the meet occasionally, as if by accident, although he was as well mounted as any squire among them, and was often persuaded (after a little coquetting about "professional engagements," and "being wanted at the office") to have a run with his clients; nay, once or twice he forgot his usual caution, was first in at the death, and rode home with the brush. But in general he knew his place—as his place was held to be in that aristocratic county and in those days. Nor let it be supposed that he was in any way a toad-eater. He respected himself too much for that. He would give the most unpalatable advice, if need were; would counsel an unsparing reduction of expenditure to an extravagant man; would recommend such an abatement of family pride as paved the way for one or two happy marriages in some instances; nay, what was the most likely piece of conduct of all to give offense forty years ago, he would speak up for an unjustly-used tenant; and that with so much temperate and well-timed wisdom and good-feeling, that he more than once gained his point. He had one son, Edward. This boy was the secret joy and pride of his father's heart. For himself he was not in the least ambitious, but it did cost him a hard struggle to acknowledge that his own business was too lucrative and brought in too large an income to pass away into the hands of a stranger, as it would do if he indulged his ambition for his son by giving him a college education, and making him into a barrister. This determination on the more prudent side of the argument took place while Edward was at Eton. The lad had, perhaps, the largest allowance of pocket-money of any boy at school; and he had always looked forward to going to Christ Church along with his fellows, the sons of the squires, his father's employers. It was a severe mortification to him to find that his destiny was changed, and that he had to return to Hamley to be articled to his father, and to assume the hereditary subservient position to lads whom he had licked in the playing-fields and beaten at learning.

His father tried to compensate him for the disappointment by every indulgence that money could purchase. Edward's horses were even finer than those of his father; his literary tastes were kept up and fostered by his father's permission to form an extensive library, for which purpose a noble room was added to Mr. Wilkins's already extensive house in the suburbs of Hamley. And after his year of legal study in London his father sent him to make the grand tour, with something very like carte blanche as to expenditure, to judge from the packages which were sent home from various parts of the Continent.

At last he came home, came back to settle as his father's partner at Hamley. He was a son to be proud of, and right down proud was old Mr. Wilkins of his handsome, accomplished, gentlemanly lad. For Edward was not one to be spoiled by the course of indulgence he had passed through; at least, if it had done him an injury, the effects were at present hidden from view. He had no vulgar vices; he was, indeed, rather too refined for the society he was likely to be thrown into, even supposing that society to consist of the highest of his father's employers. He was well read, and an artist of no mean pretensions. Above all, "his heart was in the right place," as his father used to observe; nothing could exceed the deference he always showed to his father. His mother had long been dead.

I do not know if it was Edward's own ambition or his proud father's wishes that had led him to attend the Hamley assemblies. I should conjecture the latter, for Edward had of himself too much good taste to wish to intrude into any society. In the opinion of all the shire, no society had more reason to consider itself select than that which met at every full moon in the Hamley assembly-room—an excrescence built on to the principal inn in the town by the joint subscription of all the country families. Into those choice and mysterious precincts no townsperson was ever allowed to enter; no professional man might set his foot therein; no infantry-officer saw the interior of that ball or that card room. The old original subscribers would fain have had a man prove his sixteen quarterings before he might make his bow to the queen of the night; but the old original founders of the Hamley assemblies were dropping off; minuets had vanished with them; country dances had died away; quadrilles were in high vogue—nay, one or two of the high magnates of ——shire were trying to introduce waltzing, as they had seen it in London, where it had come in with the visit of the allied sovereigns—when Edward Wilkins made his début on these boards. He had been at many splendid assemblies abroad, but still the little old ball-room attached to the George Inn in his native town was to him a place grander and more awful than the most magnificent saloons he had seen in Paris or Rome. He laughed at himself for this unreasonable feeling of awe; but there it was, notwithstanding. He had been dining at the house of one of the lesser gentry, who was under considerable obligations to his father, and who was the parent of eight "muckle-mou'ed" daughters, so hardly likely to oppose much aristocratic resistance to the elder Mr. Wilkins's clearly implied wish that Edward should be presented at the Hamley assembly-rooms. But many a squire glowered and looked black at the introduction of Wilkins the attorney's son into the sacred precincts; and perhaps there would have been much more mortification than pleasure in this assembly to the young man had it not been for an incident that occurred pretty late in the evening. The lord-lieutenant of the county usually came with a large party to the Hamley assemblies once in a season; and this night he was expected, and with him a fashionable duchess and her daughters. But time wore on, and they did not make their appearance. At last there was a rustling and a bustling, and in sailed the superb party. For a few minutes dancing was stopped; the earl led the duchess to a sofa; some of their acquaintances came up to speak to them; and then the quadrilles were finished in rather a flat manner. A country-dance followed, in which none of the lord-lieutenant's party joined; then there was a consultation, a request, an inspection of the dancers, a message to the orchestra, and the band struck up a waltz; the duchess's daughters flew off to the music, and some more young ladies seemed ready to follow, but, alas! there was a lack of gentlemen acquainted with the new-fashioned dance. One of the stewards bethought him of young Wilkins, only just returned from the Continent. Edward was a beautiful dancer, and waltzed to admiration. For his next partner he had one of the Lady ——s; for the duchess, to whom the ——shire squires and their little county politics and contempts were alike unknown, saw no reason why her lovely Lady Sophy should not have a good partner, whatever his pedigree might be, and begged the stewards to introduce Mr. Wilkins to her. After this night his fortune was made with the young ladies of the Hamley assemblies. He was not unpopular with the mammas; but the heavy squires still looked at him askance, and the heirs (whom he had licked at Eton) called him an upstart behind his back.

CHAPTER II.

IT was not a satisfactory situation. Mr. Wilkins had given his son an education and tastes beyond his position. He could not associate with either profit or pleasure with the doctor or the brewer of Hamley; the vicar was old and deaf, the curate a raw young man, half frightened at the sound of his own voice. Then, as to matrimony; for the idea of his marriage was hardly more present in Edward's mind than in that of his father's—he could hardly fancy bringing home any one of the young ladies of Hamley to the elegant mansion, so full of suggestion and association to an educated person, so inappropriate a dwelling for an ignorant uncouth ill brought up girl. Yet Edward was fully aware, if his fond father was not, that of all the young ladies who were glad enough of him as a partner at the Hamley assemblies, there was not one of them but would have considered herself affronted by an offer of marriage from an attorney, the son and grandson of attorneys. The young man had perhaps received many a slight and mortification pretty quietly during these years, which yet told upon his character in after-life. Even at this very time they were having their effect. He was of too sweet a disposition to show resentment, as many men would have done. But nevertheless he took a secret pleasure in the power which his father's money gave him. He would buy an expensive horse after five minutes' conversation as to the price, about which a needy heir of one of the proud county families had been haggling for three weeks. His dogs were from the best kennels in England, no matter at what price; his guns were the newest and most improved make, and all these were expenses on objects which were among the objects of daily envy to the squires and squires' sons around. They did not much care for the treasures of art, which report said were being accumulated in Mr. Wilkins's house. But they did covet the horses and hounds he possessed, and the young man knew that they coveted, and rejoiced in it.

By-and-by he formed a marriage, which went as near as marriages ever do toward pleasing every body. He was desperately in love with Miss Lamotte, so he was delighted when she consented to be his wife. His father was delighted in his delight, and, besides, was charmed to remember that Miss Lamotte's mother had been Sir Frank Holster's youngest sister, and that, although her marriage had been disowned by her family, as beneath her in rank, yet no one could efface her name out of the Baronetage, where Lettice, youngest daughter of Sir Mark Holster, born 1772, married H. Lamotte, 1799, died 1810, was duly chronicled. She had left two children, a boy and a girl, of whom their uncle, Sir Frank, took charge, as their father was worse than dead—an outlaw, whose name was never mentioned. Mark Lamotte was in the army; Lettice had a dependent position in her uncle's family; not intentionally made more dependent than was rendered necessary by circumstances, but still dependent enough to grate on the feelings of a sensitive girl, whose natural susceptibility to slights was redoubled by the constant recollection of her father's disgrace. Sir Frank was considerably involved, as Mr. Wilkins well knew; but it was with very mixed feelings that he listened to the suit which would provide his penniless niece with a comfortable, not to say luxurious, home, and with a handsome accomplished young man of unblemished character for a husband. He said one or two bitter and insolent things to Mr. Wilkins, even while he was giving his consent to the match; that was his temper; his proud, evil temper; but he really and permanently was satisfied by the connection, though he would occasionally turn round on his nephew-in-law, and sting him with a covert insult as to his want of birth, and the inferior position which he held, forgetting apparently that his own brother-in-law and Lettice's father might be at any moment brought to the bar of justice if he attempted to re-enter his native country.

Edward was annoyed at all this; Lettice resented it. She loved her husband dearly, and was proud of him, for she had discernment enough to see how superior he was in every way to her cousins, the young Holsters, who borrowed his horses, drank his wines, and yet had caught their father's habit of sneering at his profession. Lettice wished that Edward would content himself with a purely domestic life, would let himself drop out of the company of the ——shire squirearchy, and find his relaxation with her, in their luxurious library, or lovely drawing-room, so full of white-gleaming statues, and gems of pictures. But, perhaps, this was too much to expect of any man, especially of one who felt himself fitted in many ways to shine in society, and who was social by nature. Sociality in that county at that time meant conviviality. Edward did not care for wine, and yet he was obliged to drink—and by-and-by he grew to pique himself on his character as a judge of wine. His father by this time was dead; dead, happy old man, with a contented heart—his affairs flourishing, his poorer neighbors loving him, his richer respecting him, his son and daughter-in-law the most affectionate and devoted that ever man had, and his healthy conscience at peace with his God.

Lettice could have lived to herself and her husband and children. Edward daily required more and more the stimulus of society. His wife wondered how he could care to accept dinner invitations from people who treated him as "Wilkins the attorney, a very good sort of fellow," as they introduced him to strangers who might be staying in the country, but who had no power to appreciate the taste, the talents, the impulsive artistic nature which she held so dear. She forgot that, by accepting such invitations, Edward was occasionally brought into contact with people not merely of high conventional, but of high intellectual rank; that when a certain amount of wine had dissipated his sense of inferiority of rank and position, he was a brilliant talker, a man to be listened to and admired even by wandering London statesmen, professional diners-out, or any great authors who might find themselves visitors in a ——shire country-house. What she would have had him share from the pride of her heart, she should have warned him to avoid from the temptations to sinful extravagance which it led him into. He had begun to spend more than he ought, not in intellectual—though that would have been wrong—but in purely sensual things. His wines, his table, should be such as no squire's purse or palate could command. His dinner-parties—small in number, the viands rare and delicate in quantity, and sent up to table by an Italian cook—should be such as even the London stars should notice with admiration. He would have Lettice dressed in the richest materials, the most delicate lace; jewelry, he said, was beyond their means: glancing with proud humility at the diamonds of the elder ladies, and the alloyed gold of the younger. But he managed to spend as much on his wife's lace as would have bought many a set of inferior jewelry. Lettice well became it all. If, as people said, her father had been nothing but a French adventurer, she bore traces of her nature in her grace, her delicacy, her fascinating and elegant ways of doing all things. She was made for society, and yet she hated it. And one day she went out of it altogether, and for evermore. She had been well in the morning when Edward went down to his office in Hamley. At noon he was sent for by hurried trembling messengers. When he got home, breathless and uncomprehending, she was past speech. One glance from her lovely loving black eyes showed that she recognized him with the passionate yearning that had been one of the characteristics of her love through life. There was no word passed between them. He could not speak any more than could she. He knelt down by her. She was dying; she was dead; and he knelt on, immovable. They brought him his eldest child, Ellinor, in utter despair as to what to do to rouse him. They had no thought as to the effect on her, hitherto shut up in the nursery during this busy day of confusion and alarm. The child had no idea of death, and her father, kneeling and tearless, was far less an object of surprise or interest to her than her mother, lying still and white, and not turning her head to smile at her darling.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried the child, in shapeless terror. But the mother never stirred; and the father had his face yet deeper in the bedclothes to stifle a cry as if a sharp knife had pierced his heart. The child forced her impetuous way from her attendants and rushed to the bed. Undeterred by deadly cold or stony immobility, she kissed the lips and stroked the glossy raven hair, murmuring sweet words of wild love such as had passed between the mother and child often and often when no witnesses were by; and altogether seemed so nearly beside herself in an agony of love and terror, that Edward arose, and softly taking her in his arms, bore her away, lying back like one dead, so exhausted was she by the terrible emotion they had forced on her childish heart, into his study, a little room opening out of the grand library, into which on happy evenings, never to come again, he and his wife were wont to retire to have coffee together, and perhaps to stroll out of the glass-door out into the open air, the shrubbery, the fields—never more to be trodden by those dear feet. What passed between father and child in this seclusion none could tell. Late in the evening Ellinor's supper was sent for, and the servant who brought it in saw the child lying as one dead in her father's arms, and before he left the room, watched his master feeding her, the girl of six years of age, with as tender care as if she had been a baby of six months.

CHAPTER III.

FROM that time the tie between father and daughter grew very strong and tender indeed. Ellinor, it is true, divided her affection between her baby sister and her papa; but he, caring little for babies, had only a theoretic regard for his younger child, while the elder absorbed all his love. Every day that he dined at home Ellinor was placed opposite to him while he ate his late dinner; she sat where her mother had done during the meal, although she had dined and even supped some time before on the more primitive nursery fare. It was half pitiful, half amusing to see the little girl's grave, thoughtful ways and modes of speech, as if trying to act up to the dignity of her place as her father's companion, till sometimes the little head nodded off to slumber in the middle of lisping some wise little speech. "Old-fashioned" the nurses called her, and prophesied that she would not live long in consequence of her old-fashion. But instead of the fulfillment of this prophecy, the fat bright baby was seized with fits, and was well, ill, and dead in a day! Ellinor's grief was something alarming from its quietness and concealment. She waited till she was left—as she thought—alone at nights, and then sobbed and cried her passionate cry for "Baby, baby, come back to me—come back!" till every one feared for the health of the frail little girl whose childish affections had had to stand two such shocks. Her father put aside all business, all pleasure of every kind to win his darling from her grief. No mother could have done more, no tenderest nurse done half so much as Mr. Wilkins then did for Ellinor.

If it had not been for him she would have just died of her grief. As it was, she overcame it—but slowly, wearily—hardly letting herself love any one for some time, as if she instinctively feared lest all her strong attachments should find a sudden end in death. Her love—thus dammed up into a small space—at last burst its banks, and overflowed on her father. It was a rich reward for him for all his care of her, and he took delight—perhaps a selfish delight—in all the many pretty ways she perpetually found of convincing him, if he had needed conviction, that he was ever the first object with her. The nurse told him that half an hour or so before the earliest time at which he could be expected home in the evenings Miss Ellinor began to fold up her doll's things and lull the inanimate treasure to sleep. Then she would sit and listen with an intensity of attention for his footstep. Once the nurse had expressed some wonder at the distance at which Ellinor could hear her father's approach, saying that she had listened and could not hear a sound, to which Ellinor had replied:

"Of course you can not; he is not your papa!"

Then when he went away in the morning, after he had kissed her, Ellinor would run to a certain window from which she could watch him up the lane, now hidden behind a hedge, now reappearing through an open space, again out of sight, till he reached a great old beech-tree, where for an instant more she saw him. And then she would turn away with a sigh, sometimes reassuring her unspoken fears by saying softly to herself,

"He will come again to-night."

Mr. Wilkins liked to feel his child dependent on him for all her pleasures. He was even a little jealous of any one who devised a treat or conferred a present the first news of which did not come from or through him.

At last it was necessary that Ellinor should have some more instruction than her good old nurse could give; her father did not care to take upon himself the office of teacher, which he thought he foresaw would necessitate occasional blame, an occasional exercise of authority which might possibly render him less idolized by his little girl; so he commissioned Lady Holster to choose out one among her many protégées for a governess to his daughter. Now, Lady Holster, who kept a sort of amateur county register-office, was only too glad to be made of use in this way; but when she inquired a little further as to the sort of person required, all she could extract from Mr. Wilkins was:

"You know the kind of education a lady should have, and will, I am sure, choose a governess for Ellinor better than I could direct you. Only please choose some one who will not marry me, and who will let Ellinor go on making my tea, and doing pretty much what she likes, for she is so good they need not try to make her better, only to teach her what a lady should know."

Miss Monro was selected—a plain intelligent quiet woman of forty—and it was difficult to decide whether she or Mr. Wilkins took the most pains to avoid each other, acting, with regard to Ellinor, pretty much like the famous Adam and Eve in the weather-glass: when the one came out the other went in. Miss Monro had been tossed about and overworked quite enough in her life to value the privilege and indulgence of her evenings to herself, her comfortable school-room, her quiet cozy teas, her book, or her letter-writing afterward. By mutual agreement she did not interfere with Ellinor and her ways and occupations on the evenings the girl had not her father for companion; and these occasions became more and more frequent as years passed on, and the deep shadow was lightened which the sudden death that had visited his household had cast over him. He was always a popular man at dinner-parties, as I have said before. His amount of intelligence and accomplishment was rare in ——shire, and if it required more wine than formerly to bring his conversation up to the desired point of range and brilliancy, wine was not an article spared or grudged at the county dinner-parties. Occasionally his business took him up to London; hurried as these journeys might be, he never returned without a new game, a new toy of some kind, to "make home pleasant to his little maid," as he expressed himself.

He liked, too, to see what was doing in art or in literature; and as he gave pretty extensive orders for any thing he admired, he was almost sure to be followed down to Hamley by one or two packages or parcels, the arrival and opening of which began soon to form the pleasant epochs in Ellinor's grave though happy life.

The only person of his own standing with whom Mr. Wilkins kept up any intercourse in Hamley was the new clergyman, a bachelor, about his own age, a learned man, a fellow of his college, whose first claim on Mr. Wilkins's attention was the fact that he had been traveling-bachelor for his university, and had consequently been on the Continent about the very same two years that Mr. Wilkins had been there; and although they had never met, yet they had many common acquaintances and common recollections to talk over of this period, which, after all, had been about the most bright and hopeful of Mr. Wilkins's life.

Mr. Ness had an occasional pupil—that is to say, he never put himself out of the way to obtain pupils, but did not refuse the entreaties sometimes made to him that he would prepare a young man for college by allowing the said young man to reside and read with him. "Ness's men" took rather high honors; for the tutor, too indolent to find out work for himself, had a certain pride in doing well the work that was found for him.

When Ellinor was somewhere about fourteen, a young Mr. Corbet came to be pupil to Mr. Ness. Her father always called on the young men reading with the clergymen, and asked them to his house. His hospitality had in course of time lost its *recherché* and elegant character, but was always generous, and often profuse. Besides, it was in his character to like the joyous, thoughtless company of the young better than that of the old—given the same amount of refinement and education in both.

Mr. Corbet was a young man of very good family from a distant county. If his character had not been so grave and deliberate his years would only have entitled him to be called a boy; for he was but eighteen at the time when he came to read with Mr. Ness. But many men of five-and-twenty have not reflected so deeply as this young Mr. Corbet already had. He had considered and almost matured his plan for life; had ascertained what objects he desired most to accomplish in the dim future which is to many at his age only a shapeless mist; and had resolved on certain steady courses of action by which such objects were most likely to be secured. A younger son, his family connections and family interest pre-arranged a legal career for him, and it was in accordance with his own tastes and talents. All, however, that his father hoped for him was that he might be able to make an income sufficient for a gentleman to live on. The eldest Mr. Corbet was hardly to be called ambitious, or, if he were, his ambition was limited to views for the eldest son. But Ralph Corbet intended to be a distinguished lawyer, not so much for the vision of the woolsack, which, I suppose, dances before the imagination of every young lawyer, but for the grand intellectual exercise, and consequent power over mankind that distinguished lawyers may always possess if they choose, a seat in Parliament, statesmanship, and all the great scope for a powerful and active mind that lay on each side of such a career—these were the objects which Ralph Corbet set before himself. To take high honors at college was the first step to be accomplished; and in order to achieve this Ralph had not persuaded—persuasion was a weak instrument which he despised—but gravely reasoned his father into consenting to pay the large sum which Mr. Ness expected with a pupil. The good-natured old squire was rather pressed for ready money, but sooner than listen to an argument instead of taking his nap after dinner, he would have yielded any thing. But this did not satisfy Ralph; his father's reason must be convinced of the desirability of the step as well as his weak will give way. The squire listened, looked wise, sighed; spoke of Edward's extravagance and the girls' expenses, grew sleepy, and said, "Very true," "That is but reasonable, certainly," glanced at the door, and wondered when his son would have ended his talking and go into the drawing-room; and at length found himself writing the desired letter to Mr. Ness, consenting to every thing, terms and all. Mr. Ness never had a more satisfactory pupil—one whom he could treat more as an intellectual equal.

Mr. Corbet, as Ralph was always called in Hamley, was resolute in his cultivation of himself, even exceeding what his tutor demanded of him. He was greedy of information in the hours not devoted to absolute study; Mr. Ness enjoyed giving information, but most of all he liked the hard tough arguments on all metaphysical and ethical questions in which Mr. Corbet delighted in engaging him. They lived together on terms of happy equality, having thus much in common. They were essentially different, however, although there were so many points of resemblance. Mr. Ness was unworldly as far as the idea of real unworldliness is compatible with a turn for self-indulgence and indolence; while Mr. Corbet was deeply, radically worldly, yet for the accomplishment of his object could deny himself all the careless pleasures natural to his age. The tutor and pupil allowed themselves one frequent relaxation—that of Mr. Wilkins's company. Mr. Ness would stroll to the office after the six hours' hard reading were over—leaving Mr. Corbet still bent over the table—book bestrewn—and see what Mr. Wilkins's engagements were. If he had nothing better to do that evening, he was either asked to dine at the parsonage, or he, in his careless hospitable way, invited the other two to dine with him, Ellinor forming the fourth at table, as far as seats went, although her dinner had been eaten early with Miss Monro. She was little and slight of her age, and her father never seemed to understand how she was passing out of childhood. Yet while in stature she was like a child, in intellect, in force of character, in strength of clinging affection she was a woman. There might be much of the simplicity of a child about her, there was little of the undeveloped girl, varying from day to day like an April sky, careless as to which way her own character is tending. So the two young people sat with their elders, and both relished the company they were thus prematurely thrown into. Mr. Corbet talked as much as either of the other two gentlemen; opposing and disputing on any side, as if to find out how much he could urge against received opinions. Ellinor sat silent; her dark eyes flashing from time to time in vehement interest—sometimes in vehement indignation if Mr. Corbet, riding a tilt at every one, ventured to attack her father. He saw how this course excited her, and rather liked pursuing it in consequence; he thought it only amused him.

Another way in which Ellinor and Mr. Corbet were thrown together occasionally was this. Mr. Ness and Mr. Wilkins shared the same *Times* between them; and it was Ellinor's duty to see that the paper was regularly taken from her father's house to the Parsonage. Her father liked to dawdle over it. Until Mr. Corbet had come to live with him, Mr. Ness had not much cared at what time it was passed on to him; but the young man took a strong interest in all public events, and especially in all that was said about them. He grew impatient if the paper was not forthcoming, and would set off himself to go for it, sometimes meeting the penitent, breathless Ellinor in the long lane which led from Hamley to Mr. Wilkins's house. At first he used to receive her eager "Oh! I am so sorry, Mr. Corbet, but papa has only just done with it," rather gruffly. After a time he had the grace to tell her it did not signify; and by-and-by he would turn back with her to give her some advice about her garden, or her plants—for his mother and sisters were first-rate practical gardeners, and he himself was, as he expressed it, "a capital consulting physician for a sickly plant."

All this time his voice, his step never raised the child's color one shade the higher, never made her heart beat the least quicker, as the slightest sign of her father's approach was wont to do. She learned to rely on Mr. Corbet for advice, for a little occasional sympathy, and for much condescending attention. He also gave her more fault-finding than all the rest of the world put together; and, curiously enough, she was grateful to him for it, for she really was humble, and wished to improve. He liked the attitude of superiority which this implied and exercised right gave him. They were very good friends at present. Nothing more.

All this time I have only spoken of Mr. Wilkins's life as he stood in relation to his daughter. But there is far more to be said about it. After his wife's death he withdrew himself from society for a year or two in a more positive and decided manner than is common with widowers. It was during this retirement of his that he riveted his little daughter's heart in such a way as to influence all her future life.

When he began to go out again, it might have been perceived—had any one cared to notice—how much the different characters of his father and wife had influenced him and kept him steady. Not that he broke out into any immoral conduct, but he gave up time to pleasure, which both old Mr. Wilkins and Lettice would have quietly induced him to spend in the office, superintending his business. His indulgence in hunting and all field-sports had hitherto been only occasional; they now became habitual, as far as the seasons permitted. He shared a moor in Scotland with one of the Holsters one year, persuading himself that the bracing air was good for Ellinor's health. But the year afterward he took another, this time joining with a comparative stranger; and on this moor there was no house to which it was fit to bring a child and her attendants. He persuaded himself that by frequent journeys he could make up for his absences from Hamley. But journeys cost money; and he was often away from his office when important business required attending to. There was some talk of a new attorney setting up in Hamley, to be supported by one or two of the more influential country families, who had found Wilkins not so attentive as his father. Sir Frank Holster sent for his relation, and told him of this project, speaking to him at the same time in pretty round terms as to the folly of the life he was leading. Foolish it certainly was, and as such Mr. Wilkins was secretly acknowledging it; but when Sir Frank, lashing himself, began to speak of his hearer's presumption in joining the hunt, in aping the mode of life and amusements of the landed gentry, Edward fired up. He knew how much Sir Frank was dipped, and comparing it with the round sum his own father had left him, he said some plain truths to Sir Frank which the latter never forgave, and henceforth there was no intercourse between Holster Court and Ford Bank, as Mr. Edward Wilkins had christened his father's house on his first return from the Continent.

The conversation had two consequences besides the immediate one of the quarrel. Mr. Wilkins advertised for a responsible and confidential clerk to conduct the business under his own superintendence; and he also wrote to the Herald's College to ask them if he did not belong to the family bearing the same name in South Wales—those who have since reassumed their ancient name of De Winton.

Both applications were favorably answered. A skillful, experienced middle-aged clerk was recommended to him by one of the principal legal firms in London, and immediately engaged to come to Hamley at his own terms, which were pretty high. But as Mr. Wilkins said it was worth any money to pay for the relief from constant responsibility, which such a business as his involved, some people remarked that he had never appeared to feel the responsibility very much hitherto, as witness his absences in Scotland, his various social engagements when at home; it had been very different (they said) in his father's day. The Herald's College gave him hopes of affiliating him to the South Wales' family, but it would require time and money to make the requisite inquiries and substantiate the claim. Now in many a place there would be none to contest the right a man might have to assert that he belonged to such and such a family, or even to assume their arms. But it was otherwise in ——shire. Every one was up in genealogy and heraldry, and considering filching a name and a pedigree a far worse sin than any of those mentioned in the commandments. There were those among them who would doubt and dispute even the decision of the Herald's College; but with it, if in his favor, Mr. Wilkins intended to be satisfied, and, accordingly, he wrote in reply to their letter to say, that, of course, he was aware that such inquiries would take a considerable sum of money, but that still he wished them to be made, and that speedily.

Before the end of the year he went up to London to order a brougham to be built (for Ellinor to drive out in in wet weather, he said; but as going in a closed carriage always made her ill, he used it principally himself in driving to dinner-parties), with the De Winton Wilkinses arms neatly emblazoned on panel and harness. Hitherto he had always gone about in a dog-cart—the immediate descendant of his father's old-fashioned gig.

For all this the squires, his employers, only laughed at him, and did not treat him with one whit more respect.

Mr. Dunster, the new clerk, was a quiet, respectable-looking man; you could not call him a gentleman in manner, and yet no one could say he was vulgar. He had not much varying expression on his face, but a permanent one of thoughtful consideration of the subject in hand, whatever it might be, that would have fitted as well with the profession of medicine as with that of law, and was quite the right look for either. Occasionally a bright flash of sudden intelligence lighted up his deep-sunk eyes, but even this was quickly extinguished as by some inward repression, and the habitually reflective, subdued expression returned to the face. As soon as he came into his situation he first began quietly to arrange the papers, and next the business of which they were the outward sign into more methodical order than they had been in since old Mr. Wilkins's death. Punctual to a moment himself, he looked his displeased surprise when the inferior clerks came tumbling in half an hour after the time in the morning; and his look was more effective than many men's words; henceforward the subordinates were within five minutes of the appointed hour for opening the office; but still he was always there before them. Mr. Wilkins himself winced under his new clerk's order and punctuality; Mr. Dunster's raised eyebrow, and contraction of the lips at some woeful confusion in the business of the office, chafed Mr. Wilkins more, far more, than any open expression of opinion would have done; for that he could have met and explained away, as he fancied. A secret respectful dislike grew up in his bosom against Mr. Dunster. He esteemed him, he valued him, and he could not bear him. Year after year Mr. Wilkins had become more under the influence of his feelings, and less under the command of his reason. He rather cherished than repressed his nervous repugnance to the harsh, measured tones of Mr. Dunster's voice; the latter spoke with a provincial twang which grated on his employer's sensitive ear. He was annoyed at a certain green coat which his new clerk brought with him, and he watched its increasing shabbiness with a sort of childish pleasure. But by-and-by Mr. Wilkins found out that from some perversity of taste Mr. Dunster always had his coats, Sunday and working-day, made of this obnoxious color; and this knowledge did not diminish his secret irritation. The worst of all, perhaps, was that Mr. Dunster was really invaluable in many ways—"a perfect treasure," as Mr. Wilkins used to term him in speaking of him after dinner; but for all that he came to hate his "perfect treasure," as he gradually felt that Dunster had become so indispensable to the business that his chief could not do without him.

The clients re-echoed Mr. Wilkins's words, and spoke of Mr. Dunster as invaluable to his master, a thorough treasure, the very saving of the business. They had not been better attended to, not even in old Mr. Wilkins's days; such a clear head, such a knowledge of law, such a steady, upright fellow, always at his post. The grating voice, the drawling accent, the bottle-green coat, were nothing to them; far less noticed, in fact, than Wilkins's expensive habits, the money he paid for his wine and horses, and the nonsense of claiming kin with the Welsh Wilkinses, and setting up his brougham to drive about ——shire lanes, and be knocked to pieces over the rough round paving-stones thereof.

All these remarks did not come near Ellinor to trouble her life. To her her dear father was the first of human beings; so sweet, so good, so kind, so charming in conversation, so full of accomplishment and information! To her healthy, happy mind, every one turned their bright side. She loved Miss Monro—all the servants, especially Dixon, the coachman. He had been her father's play-fellow as a boy, and, with all his respect and admiration for his master, the freedom of intercourse that had been established between them then had never been quite lost. Dixon was a fine stalwart old fellow, and was as harmonious in his ways with his master as Mr. Dunster was discordant; accordingly, he was a great favorite, and could say many a thing which might have been taken as impertinent from another servant.

He was Ellinor's great confidant about many of her little plans and projects, things that she dared not speak of to Mr. Corbet, who, after her father and Dixon, was her next best friend. This intimacy with Dixon displeased Mr. Corbet; he once or twice insinuated that he did not think it was well to talk so familiarly as Ellinor did with a servant, one out of a completely different class, such as Dixon. Ellinor did not easily take hints; every one had spoken plain out to her hitherto: so Mr. Corbet had to say his meaning plain out at last. Then for the first time he saw her angry; but she was too young, too childish, to have words at will to express her feelings; she only could say broken beginnings of sentences, such as, "What a shame! Good, dear Dixon, who is as loyal and true and kind as any nobleman. I like him far better than you, Mr. Corbet, and I shall talk to him." And then she burst into tears, and ran away, and would not come to wish Mr. Corbet good-by, though she knew she should not see him again for a long time, as he was returning the next day to his father's house, from whence he would go to Cambridge.

He was annoyed at this result of the good advice he had thought himself bound to give to a motherless girl, who had no one to instruct her in the proprieties in which his own sisters were brought up; he left Hamley both sorry and displeased. As for Ellinor, when she found out the next day that he really was gone—gone without even coming to Ford Bank again to see if she were not penitent for her angry words—gone without saying or hearing a word of good-by—she shut herself up in her room, and cried more bitterly than ever, because anger against herself was mixed with her regret for his loss. Luckily her father was dining out, or he would have inquired what was the matter with his darling, and she would have had to try to explain what could not be explained. As it was she sat with her back to the light during the school-room tea, and afterward, when Miss Monro had settled down to her study of the Spanish language, Ellinor stole out into the garden, meaning to have a fresh cry over her own naughtiness and Mr. Corbet's departure; but the August evening was still and calm, and put her passionate grief to shame, hushing her up as it were with the other young creatures who were being soothed to rest by the serene time of day and the subdued light of the twilight sky.

There was a piece of ground surrounding the flower-garden, which was not shubbery, nor wood, nor kitchen-garden—only a grassy bit, out of which a group of old forest trees sprang. Their roots were heaved above ground; their leaves fell in autumn so profusely that the turf was ragged and bare in spring; but to make up for this, there never was such a place for snow-drops.

The roots of these old trees were Ellinor's favorite play-place; this space between these two was her doll's kitchen, that its drawing-room, and so on. Mr. Corbet rather despised her contrivances for doll's furniture, so she had not often brought him here; but Dixon delighted in them, and contrived and planned with the eagerness of six years old rather than forty. To-night Ellinor went to this place, and there were all a new collection of ornaments for Miss Dolly's sitting-room made out of fir-bobs, in the prettiest and most ingenious way. She knew it was Dixon's doing, and rushed off in search of him to thank him.

"What's the matter with my pretty?" asked Dixon, as soon as the pleasant excitement of thanking and being thanked was over, and he had leisure to look at her tear-stained face.

"Oh! I don't know! never mind," said she, reddening.

Dixon was silent for a moment or two, while she tried to turn off his attention by her hurried prattle.

"There's no trouble afoot that I can mend?" asked he, in a minute or two.

"Oh no! it's really nothing—nothing at all," said she. "It's only that Mr. Corbet went away without saying good-by to me, that's all." And she looked as if she should have liked to cry again.

"That was not manners," said Dixon, decisively.

"But it was my fault," replied Ellinor, pleading against the condemnation.

Dixon looked at her pretty sharply from under his ragged, bushy eyebrows.

"He had been giving me a lecture, and saying I did not do what his sisters did—just as if

I were to be always trying to be like somebody else—and I was cross and ran away."

"Then it was Missy who would not say good-by. That was not good manners in Missy."

"But, Dixon, I don't like being lectured!"

"I reckon you don't get much of it. But, indeed, my pretty, I dare say Mr. Corbet was in the right; for, you see, master is busy, and Miss Monro is so dreadful learned, and your poor mother is dead and gone, and you have no one to teach you how young ladies go on; and by all accounts, Mr. Corbet comes of a good family. I've heerd say his father had the best stud-farm in all Shropshire, and spared no money upon it; and the young ladies, his sisters, will have been taught the best of manners; it might be well for my pretty to hear how they go on."

"You dear old Dixon, you don't know any thing about my lecture, and I am not going to tell you. Only I dare say Mr. Corbet might be a little bit right, though I am sure he was a great deal wrong."

"But you'll not go on a fretting—you won't now, there's a good young lady; for master won't like it, and it will make him uneasy, and he's enough of trouble without your red eyes, bless them."

"Trouble—papa, trouble! Oh, Dixon! what do you mean?" exclaimed Ellinor, her face taking all a woman's intensity of expression in a minute.

"Nay, I know naught," said Dixon, evasively. "Only that Dunster fellow is not to my mind, and I think he pesters the master sadly with his fid-fad ways."

"I hate Mr. Dunster," said Ellinor, vehemently. "I won't speak a word to him the next time he comes to dine with papa."

"Missy will do what papa likes best," said Dixon, admonishingly: and with this the "pair of friends" parted.

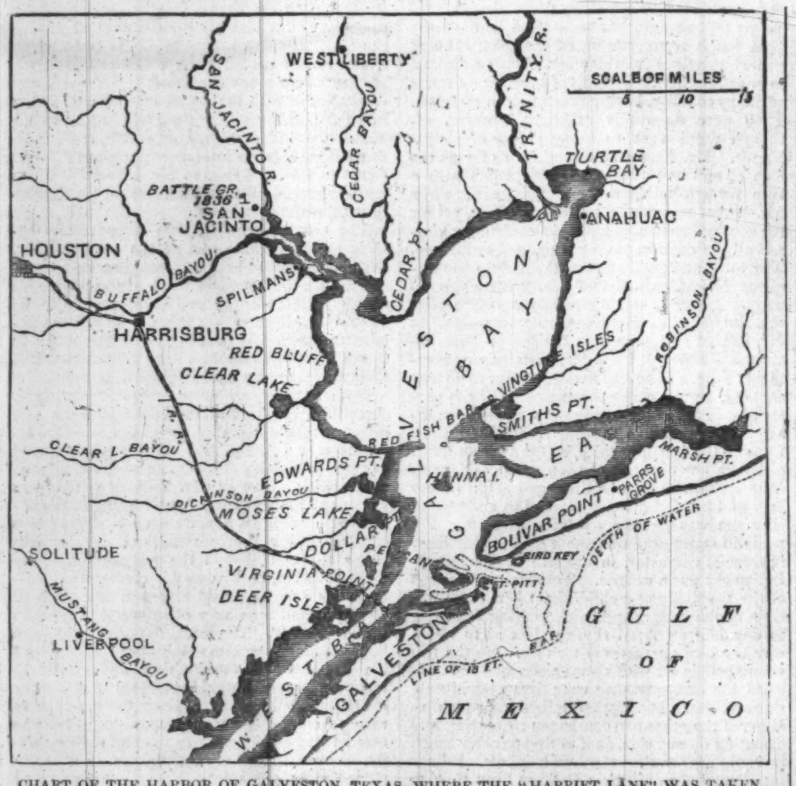


CHART OF THE HARBOR OF GALVESTON, TEXAS, WHERE THE "HARRIET LANE" WAS TAKEN.

[See Page 51.]

THE WRECK OF THE "MONITOR."

We are indebted to one of the surviving officers of the ill-fated *Monitor* for the picture of her wreck, which we publish on this page. No event of the war has caused more sorrow than the loss of the brave little vessel. Its history is thus told by an officer:

From ten to eleven P.M. the water still gained rapidly. It was now known for certain that she had sprung a leak. The storm was at its height, the waves striking and passing over the *Monitor*, burying her completely for the instant, while for a few seconds nothing could be seen of her from the *Rhode Island* but the upper part of her turret, surrounded by foam. This was caused as follows: A huge wave would lift her up, when, in descending to meet another, instead of riding it like other vessels, she plowed through, the projecting armor at her bow striking the water with such force that the spray and foam were thrown around her to the distance of forty feet. This projecting armor is undoubtedly the cause of the leak, as it extended aft thirty-two feet, and forward fourteen. This constantly striking the water with the force that it did, and the immense weight of ammunition in her hull, must have separated one from the other, thus causing a leak from which she filled and sunk.

She was now found to be fast sinking, and a consultation was held as to whether it was best to abandon her or not. The engineer, entering at this moment, reported that the water in the ward-rooms was waist-deep; that it was still gaining rapidly, and that in less than two hours she must go down. This decided Captain Bankhead to save the lives of his men rather than lose both. Signals of distress were now ordered to be made to the *Rhode Island*; and while these were preparing Captain Bankhead shouted, "Who'll cut the hawser?" "I will," answered Mr. Stodder, the Master; and taking a hatchet, he, at the imminent peril of being washed overboard, succeeded in severing the hawser, the waves passing over him at every motion of the vessel. One poor fellow, whose name is not known, assisted, but he was dashed off and drowned.

Several of the crew and some of the officers also found a watery grave about this time, by being washed overboard. It was death to stand on the deck without having a firm hold, and even then the danger was very great. One by one the gallant fellows disappeared from the deck and were seen no more. Many had very narrow escapes. Lieutenant Green was carried off by a wave, and thrown upon deck by its returning. Another officer was carried by a wave along the deck, and as he was passing the turret he seized a rope which hung from there for the purpose of assisting those on the deck to cling to it and save themselves, and was saved.

Between eleven and twelve P.M. the launch of the *Rhode Island* was manned, and started for the *Monitor*. About this time the hawser, which now hung loose, became entangled in one of the paddle-wheels of the *Rhode Island*, so that it could not be worked, thus rendering the vessel unmanageable. She drifted toward the *Monitor*, and there was great danger of a collision before the hawser could be extricated. The launch was between the two steamers, and before she could clear them the whole of one of her sides was crushed in, just escaping the water-line. The gallant fellows in her had a narrow escape from a horrible death; but nothing daunted, they struck boldly out for the *Monitor* with their broken boat, and safely returned with fourteen or fifteen of the *Monitor's* crew, though in a sinking condition, and landed them all safely upon the deck of the *Rhode Island*. In the mean time the two vessels had approached so near each other that five or six of the crew of the *Monitor* seized the ropes hanging from the side of the *Rhode Island*, and started to climb up her side; but only three reached there. The others are supposed to have been struck by the *Monitor*, when they fell, crushed to death, or perished in the sea. Those on board the vessels tell me that they expected every wave to dash them together, when the loss of both must have occurred. The moment that the *Rhode Island* was looming up broadside of the *Monitor* was a terrible one to all. But they passed each other without touching, and many were the relieved hearts and the audibly expressed "Thank God!" that issued from the mouths of the men on both the vessels.

One of the *Rhode Island's* cutters was now manned and started off about the same time that the launch left the *Monitor*. They approached each other, and there was seemingly no chance of preventing a collision, when Dr. G. M. Weeks, of the *Monitor*, Ensign Taylor, of the *Rhode Island*, and one of the sailors, sprang to the side to part them. The force of the blow was thus broken and the boats saved from destruction. The right hand of Dr. Weeks was caught between the boats, crushing the bones of three of his fingers so seriously that amputation was afterward found necessary.

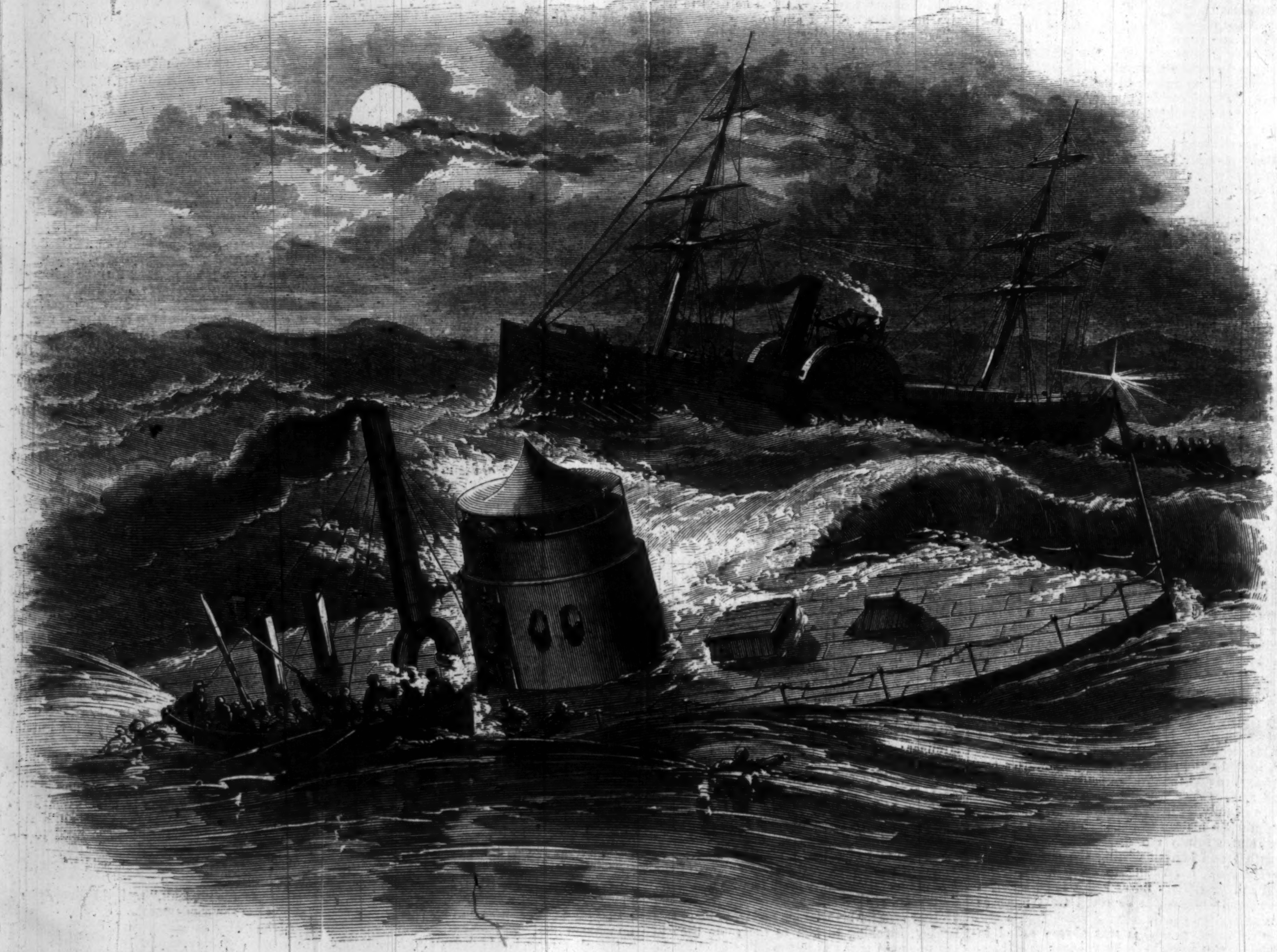
Between twelve and one A.M. the cutter, after narrowly escaping a collision, started for the side of the *Monitor* to rescue others. Arriving there, Captain Bankhead held the rope while his men got into it, the boat dashing on the deck several times and being carried back by the waves the same as the launch on the previous trip.

The last of the crew and officers that remained on deck were now in the boat, and none remained on board the *Monitor* but some six or eight who were clinging to the top of the turret. They were told to come down and try to reach the boat, but neither the entreaties of their comrades nor the orders of their officers had any effect upon them. The poor fellows had seen their comrades one by one washed off and drowned in the attempt to reach the boats; and believing that there was no chance of being saved, even if they reached the boat, they preferred to remain there and linger a few moments more than to come down and meet certain death. Captain Bankhead was then compelled to enter the boat without them and leave them behind. The cutter arrived at the side of the *Rhode Island* about one o'clock, and the men and officers, seizing the ropes which hung from her sides for that purpose, soon climbed to her deck, on reaching which they were received with open arms regardless of rank.

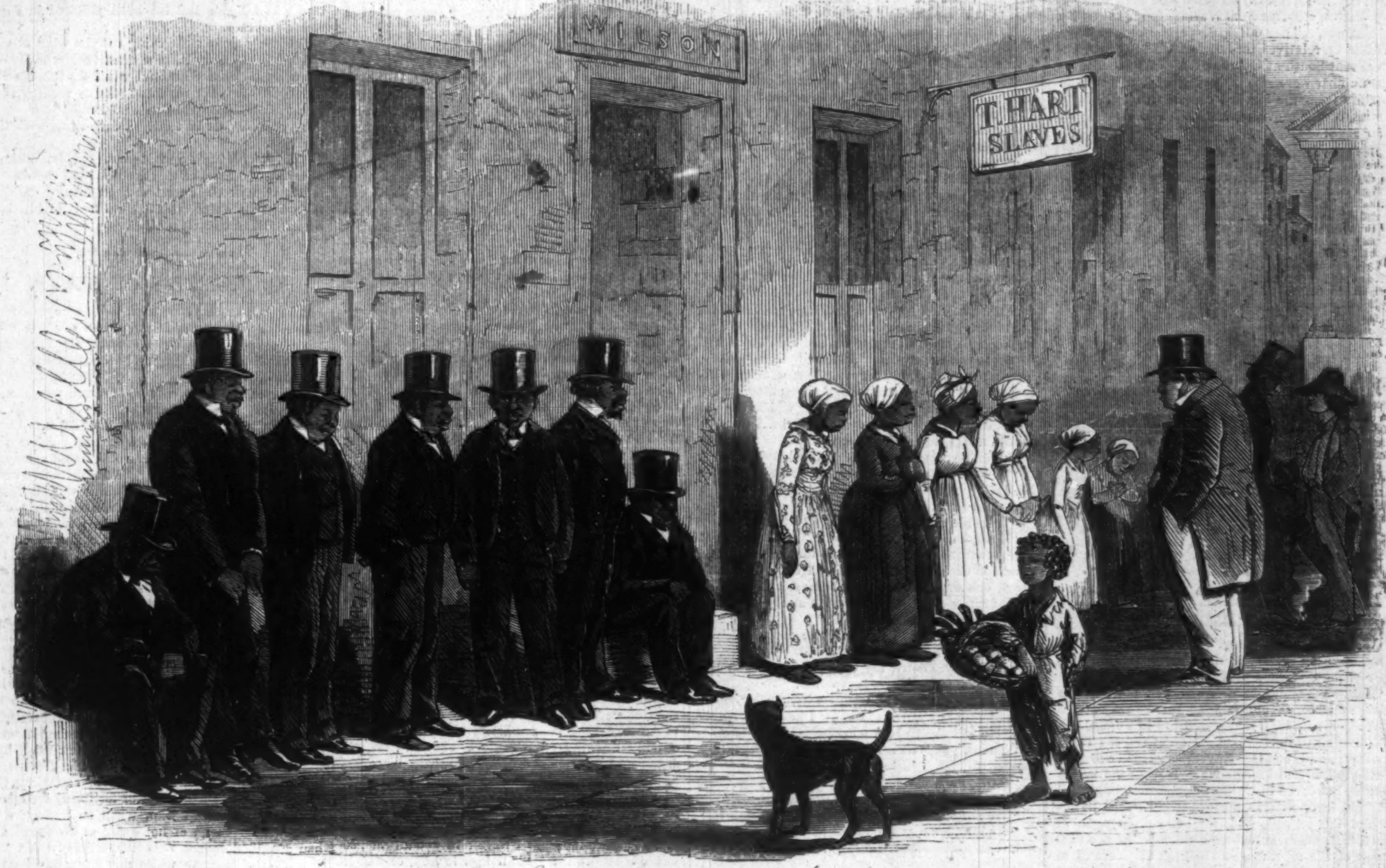
About two o'clock a last effort was made to reach the *Monitor*, and rescue those on the turret. The cutter was again manned with a picked crew, and D. Rodney Brown, master's mate, took command, and started for the doomed *Monitor*; but whether it reached her or not is unknown, as the boat was last seen making straight for her, pitching and rolling fearfully, her gallant crew working manfully to approach the *Monitor* as soon as possible, when the moon, which had been gradually going down for some time, now entirely disappeared, and the boat was lost in the gloom. [The boat has since been picked up, with all on board.]

The *Monitor* was last seen at this time also. Just before the moon vanished, a quarter before two o'clock, lights were plainly visible, but her turret and deck were rather indistinct. For a few moments after darkness was all around, the twinkling lights of the *Monitor* shot here and there like an ignis fatuus, when suddenly they all disappeared, and then it was known that she had gone down. At this time she was distant from the *Rhode Island* about a mile and a half, while, when the boat was last seen, she was not more than a third that distance, so that it was almost impossible to have reached her.

We learn, as we go to press, that the new Monitors *Passaic* and *Montauk* had hard work in getting down to Beaufort; and it is evident that some further improvements must be made in this class



THE WRECK OF THE IRON-CLAD "MONITOR."



A SLAVE-PEN AT NEW ORLEANS—BEFORE THE AUCTION. A SKETCH OF THE PAST.

of vessels before they can be deemed safe or sea-worthy.

THE MONITOR.

Oh, loyal souls, sunk in a noble ship
As e'er the waters crossed!
What direful tidings ring from every lip—
"The *Monitor* is lost!"
Sunk in an instant underneath the wave,
With half the crew lost in a watery grave.

And yet not lost. Within a higher realm
We deem they are at rest,
Where a sure Pilot stands beside the helm:
Surely such peace is best.
There quietly the ship at anchor rides,
Beyond all fear of adverse winds and tides.

Tenderly, brothers, will we name them o'er,
Nor think they died in vain,
Who went down with the *Monitor*, no more
To hoist our flag again.
Their early call has left us more to do;
But who could falter with their names in view?

OUR "MONITOR"—she earned her title well,
Though short the race she run;
She left a record, for the world to tell,
Of "victory nobly won."
Tenderly guard her in thy depths, O sea!
For never nobler vessel sailed o'er thee.

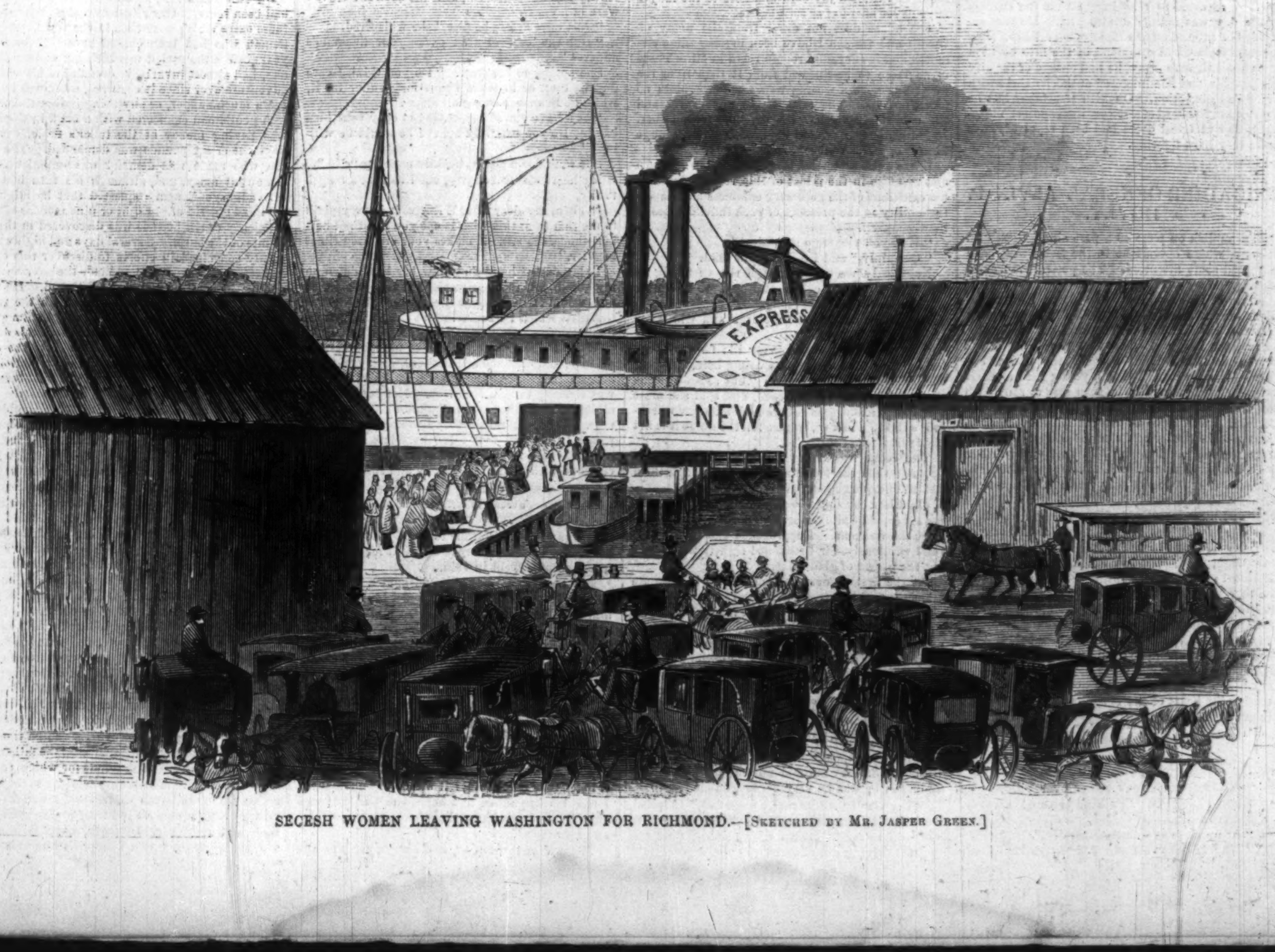
A SLAVE-PEN AT NEW ORLEANS.

IN connection with the gradual downfall of slavery, we publish on this page an illustration of a gang of negroes in a slave-pen at New Orleans before an auction. The picture is from a sketch taken by a foreign artist before the war. In describing it the artist wrote:

"The men and women are well clothed, in their Sunday best—the men in blue cloth of good quality, with beaver hats; and the women in calico dresses, of more or less brilliancy, with silk bandana handkerchiefs bound round their heads. Placed in a row in a quiet thoroughfare, where, without interrupting the traffic, they may command a good chance of transient custom, they stand through a great part of the day, subject to the inspection of the purchasing or non-purchasing passing crowd. They look heavy, perhaps a little sad, but not altogether unhappy."

EXODUS OF REBEL WOMEN.

WE illustrate on this page a scene which is frequently renewed at Washington, viz., THE DEPARTURE OF SECESH WOMEN FOR RICHMOND.



SECESH WOMEN LEAVING WASHINGTON FOR RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY MR. JASPER GREEN.]

One day last week the steamer *New York* took 450 women and children from Washington to the realms of Secessia. They all had, or claimed to have, friends or relatives in Jeff Davis's kingdom, and were sent South at Government expense. Among the number were several young women whose departure from the Federal capital will lighten the duties of the provost-marshal. The Washington *Star* says:

> Had their baggage passed without inspection they would have added much also to the necessities of the Southerners in dry goods, shoes, medicines, and many other articles and goods much required at the present time in Jeff Davis's domains. Eight officers were engaged all last night in examining the baggage that had been sent down. In many of the trunks were found dress goods of various kinds and textures, pins, needles, thread, etc., which articles were, of course, excluded.
>
> In one very large trunk a sufficient quantity of dry goods was found to fully stock a country store. Some of the trunks had ten, fifteen, and as high as twenty-five pairs of shoes. No passenger, however, was allowed to take more than two pairs. One lady, when asked why she desired to take so many, replied that she generally wore out two pair per month! All this morning the wharf and the neighborhood of Sixth Street was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who resorted there to witness the departure and for the purpose of saying farewell to friends.
>
> Judging from the expressions we heard in the crowd secesh sympathizers predominated. A gentleman asked an old lady who was going off whether she was pleased at her departure. She replied, "Yes, thank God! it is a great pleasure to get to a Government conducted by gentlemen, and not by Yankee boors." A crowd immediately gathered around, and then commenced expressions of contempt from fair lips for the United States Government generally, and the President and Cabinet in particular. One young lady remarked to a friend as she bade her good-by, "Be sure and write quickly; you know how to get the letter through." Another lady remarked that she hoped to return ere long, but with the victorious Confederate army.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

WE publish on page 49 a portrait of GENERAL SHERMAN, commanding the United States forces at Vicksburg, from a photograph by Anthony.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born in the State of Ohio, about the year 1818. He entered West Point in 1836, and graduated in June, 1840, standing sixth in his class. He entered the Third Artillery, and, on 30th November, 1841, was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. During the war in Mexico he served in California, and was brevetted Captain for meritorious conduct. In 1853 he resigned the service, and, we believe, engaged in mercantile business in New Orleans. At the outbreak of the rebellion he tendered his services to the Government, and on 11th May was appointed Colonel of the new Thirteenth Infantry. This regiment he commanded at the battle of Bull Run. He was subsequently appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and shortly afterward succeeded General Anderson in command of the Department of the Ohio. He was in command at Louisville when Secretary Cameron and Adjutant-General Thomas made their famous journey to the West, and he took occasion to tell those worthies that 200,000 men would be required to fight the battle in Kentucky. This statement—which subsequent experience has abundantly verified—seemed so outrageous to Mr. Cameron that General Sherman was shortly afterward removed, and doubts were cast upon his sanity. He was placed in command at Sedalia, Missouri, but resigned the position soon afterward, and was by General Halleck placed in command of a column in the field. At the battle of Shiloh he took so leading a part that General Halleck reported to Washington that the success of the day was mainly due to him. He was rewarded by promotion to a Major-Generalship. Subsequently placed in command of the fifth division of General Grant's army, he had charge of the city of Memphis, and administered authority there with vigor and discretion. On 24th December last he departed at the head of an expedition against Vicksburg, and at latest dates had been repulsed, after some very hard fighting.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALVIN P. HOVEY.

WE publish on page 49 a portrait of GENERAL HOVEY, whose operations in the Southwest have attracted some attention. The portrait is from a photograph by Anderson.

Alvin P. Hovey was born in Mount Vernon, Indiana, on the 5th of May, 1821. After receiving a tolerably liberal education, he was licensed, in 1843, to practice law, and entered on the duties of his profession at Mount Vernon, Indiana, under very favorable auspices. Being a young man of energy and close application, he soon rose to rank with the most talented and profound lawyers of the State, and won some of the most honorable positions within the gift of the people. His friends were not surprised to find him among the first to offer his services to the Government when the dreadful alternative of war was forced upon us. General Hovey was first called to the command of the 24th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, which was one of the best of the many fine Regiments Indiana had sent to the war. The history of his campaign, at the head of his Regiment, through Missouri and Western Kentucky, is too well known to be repeated here. He led his gallant Twenty-fourth on the bloody fields of Shiloh, and shortly afterward, for "gallant and meritorious" conduct, was promoted to the command he now holds. The history of his administration while in command at Memphis, Helena, and other points on the Mississippi, and of his recent daring exploit in penetrating the heart of the enemy's country, is fresh in every mind.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

"WHAT a marvelous power over pillows you possess. Thank you; how kind you are! I wonder if you are as honest."

"As much so as women generally."

"*Ma foi!* have I offended? I beg pardon. Camp life has made me rude. I wonder what brought you to such a place as this."

"Another wonder which I can better satisfy. Selfishness brought me here. I came to relieve my own suffering."

"In doing good to others worse off. That is a peculiar selfishness; but have you suffered really?"

"So much so that I must not speak of it. Why were you speculating upon my honesty?"

"Because I wish to ask a plain question and receive a straightforward answer."

"*En avant.*"

"I feel pretty sure of you—more so than of those men who potter over me with, "Well, my boy, we must turn you out before long." Turn me out; yes indeed they will. What I wish to ask is, how much longer you think I'll last."

He was not much more than a boy, and looking into his fine clear eyes I hated for once to tell the truth. But day by day I had watched him with the motherly tenderness fate had denied my spending over children of my own; and each day I had seen the silver cord slipping, slipping—slowly, barely perceptibly, yet very surely loosening. After he spoke and lay there closely watching for my answer, scanning eagerly my face, which was too well tutored to express even pity when I chose it should not, I was silent for a while.

"Won't you tell me?" he pleaded.

"I want to see you strive more hopefully for health."

A faint smile curled his lip.

"Like all the rest!" he whispered to himself.

"I think not," was my reply, while for a moment a prayer from my heart went up for the youth and manhood ebbing, but as one drop from the nation's heart, one drop of the great red artery, carrying away in its stealthy flow the pride and glory of our homes.

"How much longer, then," he repeated, "do you think I'll last?"

"God only knows, my dear young friend: not many days, unless there is reaction."

He closed his eyes and grew a little paler, but I did not fear any harm. I knew I had done rightly. He was one to bear truth.

"Thank you," he said at last, and grasped my hand.

"But you must care more to live; you must not be so passive," I told him.

"No; if you knew all you would not think so."

"You told me you had no parents: have you not sisters, some one whose presence would cheer you?"

"No," he replied, but the gathering frown of pain or annoyance warned me to change the topic. I rearranged the trifles near him, and was about leaving him, hoping that sleep would refresh him, but he begged me to stay. So I took up a book and began softly reading, but that also had not the desired effect.

"There is one person I wish to see before I die," he renewed. "I am not sure she would come," he muttered; "yet I wish, I long, I *must* see her. Will you write, or will you go—that would be better—go for her? Tell her, Florence Withers, that I, Dick Temple, am dying, and she must come, bid me good-by, or my ghost—" He buried his face in the pillows, and I, with a heart aching for his loneliness, promised to do his bidding.

That is why I am waiting the return of the liveried man who has ushered me in this sumptuous room, and carried my card and note to the lady I have never heard of or seen before.

The house does not differ from the many of wealth and fashion I have been in; the same elegance, and luxury, and repose reign in all. There is no more to be guessed from it than from the glistening garb a woman wears at her bridal; no more, no less. The taste of the upholsterer and the modiste is about all we get at from either. Lace and damask, ormolu and bronze—tulle, orange blossoms, and a veil.

I was rather startled by the footman's return and message in the midst of this reverie, but was too conscious of the necessary calmness and imperturbability in the presence of such functionaries to betray myself.

"Will you please go up stairs?"

"Certainly," and I followed his lead.

Noiselessly we went through the vast hall, up the broad, carved, oaken staircase, to the door where I was ushered in alone.

A young maid-servant met me and whispered quickly:

"My mistress has been very ill: for weeks we have thought something was wrong here," tapping her forehead with her finger; "but as soon as she read your note she brightened, and said she must see you. The nurse is out, and I don't know whether it's right. You will please tell the nurse it is not my fault if you see her."

The room was darkened, the heavy curtains down so that the sunshine filtering through them had the purple tinge of twilight.

On a low cushioned lounge, half lost in the pillows, I espied white drapery, and a soft, sweet voice gave me welcome. I approached and told my errand cautiously, for I reckoned rightly that I was not the bearer of glad tidings.

At the first glance the face seemed to reiterate what the maid had whispered. It was an exquisite face, the kind that men rave about; of flower-like beauty and mould, tint and texture. The long sweeping lashes raised slowly and the eyes gazed abstractedly, like a child's waking out of a dream. She looked at me as if striving to recall my personality, which I gently explained was one she had no cognizance of. Then she looked at my note, and the light of full reason swept away the mistiness of doubt which veiled her face of expression.

"You are come from Richard, Richard Temple. Sit down here by me and tell me all about him. Is he so ill; was he very badly wounded?"

"Very badly, very cruelly wounded," I replied, not surprised to see the sudden swaying of her slender form, as ash-trees bend with a sudden gust, and a great driving fall of tears.

"You know, do you not, that he is no relation of mine; that, as Mrs. Withers, I ought not even call him friend?"

"No; he did not tell me so."

"But he is dying: you can not deny it. It is not wrong for me to think of him now, is it? I am glad he is dying, for I can love him now; there is no harm in it. My darling, darling! oh, how I have been punished! I wonder if God forgives such as I—women so false to their better natures?"

"He forgives all who repent."

"But I have been forced into repentance after cloaking myself in deceit. I knew Richard loved me long ago, though he had not said it in plain words; every look and action were full of tenderness; but I was spoiled with flattery and adulation, and piqued that he gave me none; so, in wicked coquetry, I allowed others to suppose my heart was free.

"Three summers ago we were at Lake G——. Papa never fancied Richard, because his family was not *distingué*, and he was very ambitious that I should make a grand match; so, before I hardly knew what I was doing, I was betrothed to Mr. Withers. At first the novelty and sensation of the thing amused me, and for a week or two I was quite happy; but one evening Richard came back from a trip in the mountains, and I was so glad to see him that I quite forgot my *fiancé*. We strolled around the piazzas alone, for Mr. Withers had gone sailing, which I could never be induced to do, and at last sauntered in where the people were dancing. The music drowned our voices, and we were sheltered by the bay-window; but in a pause of the band Richard told me the old, old story, which it was too late now for me to hear. It stunned me so completely that I forgot where I was—that his arm was around me, and his lips near mine; but so differently was I moved, so much more my heart responded to his glowing words than to the stately offer I had before received, that I dared not tell him the truth. For a little while my silence sufficed him; my heart was beating so tumultuously I could not speak; and he was happy—for a short time only; for directly Mr. Withers came for me to dance, calling me familiarly 'Florence;' and I, quickly drawing off my glove, showed him my *manacle*; the diamonds flashed truth in his eyes, and I whirled away in a redowa with Mr. Withers.

"I have not seen him since. I knew he enlisted as a private; I heard that he was wounded, and that shock, and the death of my little child, have almost crazed me; but I have told you all this, so you can advise me. Shall I go to him, or will it be wrong?"

Had she been my own child I could not have more pitied her, or been less puzzled how to reply. There was her beautiful face looking up at me with the same pleading that another face lying on a lonely cot had worn.

"Where is your husband? Ask his permission," I evaded.

"He is away from home."

"Can you not write?"

She shuddered a little. "It may be too late then."

It may be I was sinning for a moment in thinking there could be no wrong in her yielding to the dictate of her heart this once—for once letting custom and appearances, ay, even duty, stand aside; but any woman with natural feeling in her bosom would have been tempted, as I was, to tell her to go; for there she stood watching me with painful intensity and apprehension, as if the boon she craved were in my gift.

"Just once before he dies," she whispered.

"But the cost of that once—your husband's anger—"

She sprang to her feet. "Do you think I care for the cost, or in what way *I* may suffer for it, while he lies there dying all alone?"

"You have vowed before God to obey your husband. Do you candidly believe he would be willing?"

She sank down again, huskily uttering "No."

My heart was full of pity, but I had the strength to say,

"Then, my dear Mrs. Withers, it is very plain to me that even this wish is one you must not harbor, though to stifle it makes your cross ten times heavier."

I clasped her hand and drew her head down on my bosom, where it lay motionless for some time; nor would I have had her know the defiant thoughts which I was hurling at the world and all its mockeries.

When I rose to go she thanked me with earnest gravity, and bade me tell Richard, with great tenderness, that though she had always loved him she was striving to be a true wife. Her face had lost all its color, and her eyes had almost a dull opaqueness. With assurances that I would do all in my power to comfort him I left her—left her in the gorgeous purple twilight of her darkened room, crowned with youth and beauty and sorrow, for

"——this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

It was very hard for me to go back to that little hospital cot with so empty a return for the impatient longings spent in vain.

But he bore it manfully, without a tremor in voice or lip, weak as he was; and I lavished upon him all the gentleness and care I could command.

The end was not far off. The shadows were growing longer and gathering denser. Life receding: eternity drawing nigh. Every day I strove to make the narrow path lighter with the Truth, and rob death of its gloom. He had a fearless, bright spirit, seldom giving way to doubts. Never again had he spoken of Florence Withers.

One snowy afternoon I, finishing a Psalm, the Twenty-third, thought him asleep, and knowing his extreme weakness, rather fearfully bent down to listen to his breathing: it was soft as an infant's. I saw his lips move and heard one word; it was only "Floy"—perhaps, thought I, he is praying, and I moved silently away.

It must have been so, and his prayer was answered, for when I came back I found a kneeling figure at his side and his head pillowed in Florence's embrace.

Standing alone and gazing out the window was a gentleman whom I knew must be Mr. Withers; and so individually grateful was I for this his unselfish deed, that I regarded him as holding that rarest of all titles, "Nature's nobleman."

They were just in time. Death came with the twilight.

I never have known what prompted Mr. Withers to this kindness; but well assured am I that in doing it he took the surest method toward gaining the affection which, through no fault of his, had been lavished on another.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

THERE is much yet unexplained and mysterious about the phenomena of sleep, and to those who wish to speculate on the subject, the following facts relating to dreaming and somnambulism may be interesting.

Whispering in the ears of a person asleep will sometimes produce curious effects. An officer in the expedition to Louisburgh, in 1758, was often practiced upon by his companions. After the army had landed, he was one day found asleep in his tent. The cannonading plainly disturbed him, and he was made to believe that he was engaged. He expressed great fear, and was evidently disposed to run away. He was then remonstrated with; but at the same time the groans of the wounded and dying were simulated, and on his frequent inquiries after those who were down, the names of particular friends were mentioned. At length he was told that the man next to himself had fallen, when he instantly darted from his bed and out of the tent, and was awakened by falling over the tent-ropes.

A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, and deserted. He was captured, taken back, tried, sentenced to be shot, and led out for execution. Preparations were made, and a gun was fired. He then awoke, and found that a noise in an adjacent room had both caused his dream and aroused him from it.

Dr. James Gregory dreamed of ascending the crater of Mount Etna, and of feeling the warmth of the ground under him, when he had gone to sleep with a vessel of hot water at his feet. He had ascended Mount Vesuvius, where he felt this sensation of warmth while mounting up the side of the crater. He also dreamed of wintering at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering acutely from the cold. On awaking he found that a portion of his bed-clothes were off. A few days before he had been perusing an account of the condition during winter of the country of which he had dreamed.

A gentleman and his wife during a period of great excitement both dreamed at the same time of the expected French invasion. In the morning it was found that a pair of tongs had fallen in the room above, and the noise made by this accident was believed to have caused these concurrent dreams. Dr. Reid states, that when the dressing of a blister on his head had become ruffled so as to cause considerable discomfort, he dreamed that he fell into the hands of savages, who scalped him. A patient in the Edinburgh Infirmary talked a great deal when asleep, making frequent and very distinct references to patients who had been in the ward two years ago, at which period she herself had been there. Her allusions had no reference to those cases which were then in the ward. A gentleman who had been chased by a bull forty-five years before the period to which our statement refers, had almost invariably dreamed of his perilous adventure ever since it occurred, whenever he had eaten much supper, or any thing indigestible.

A gentleman connected with a bank in Glasgow was paying money at the teller's table, when a payment of six pounds was demanded. The person who made this demand was impatient, and somewhat noisy, and, although his turn had not arrived, a gentleman requested that he might be paid and got rid of. Eight or nine months after, a deficiency of six pounds was discovered in the accounts of the bank. Several days and nights were vainly consumed in efforts to discover this error, and the gentleman who had made the payment just mentioned went home greatly fatigued. He then dreamed of the whole transaction with the impatient client, whose conduct had annoyed him at the moment, and awoke with the belief that this dream would bring about an extrication from the difficulty in the bank accounts. On examination, he found that this sum of six pounds had not been entered in the book of interests, and thus the deficiency was accounted for. Dr. Abercrombie, to whom we are indebted for this and many other of our facts, considers this case "exceedingly remarkable."

A gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala was prosecuted for considerable arrears of teind, or tithe, which he was said to owe to a noble family. He believed that these tithes had been purchased; but, after examining his father's papers, the public records, and those persons who had transacted law business with his father, he was unable to obtain evidence of such a purchase. He therefore resolved to ride to Edinburgh, and compromise the affair as well as he could. Going to bed with the intention of putting this plan in execution on the morrow, he dreamed that his father, who had been dead many years, appeared to him. He inquired the cause of his son's trouble; and when the gentleman had replied, and had added that the payment was the more unpleasant, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not owing, although he could not prove that to be the case, "You are right, my son," answered the father; "I did acquire right to these teinds for which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. ——, a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never, on any other occasion, transacted business on my account. It is very possible that Mr. —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that 'when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." The gentleman rode to Inveresk, and inquired of Mr. ——, a very old man, if he had transacted a certain business for his father. The old gentleman could not remember; but when the Portugal piece of money was mentioned, the whole came to his mind, and he at once sought for the papers, and found them.

Some years ago an investigation was made in the north of Scotland respecting an atrocious murder. A man came voluntarily forward, and stated that he had dreamed of a house near to which a voice had seemed to tell him that the pack of the murdered peddler was buried. The spot mentioned was examined, and the pack was found near to it, but not precisely at the place. The individual accused was convicted; he confessed, and in the strongest manner exculpated the dreamer from any knowledge of or share in the murder. It appeared, however, that immediately after the murder the two men had been together in a state of almost continual drunkenness, and some statements had probably then slipped from the murderer, which his companion might not remember when he was sober, but which the dream now recalled.

A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire—which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamed that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned, along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion, in the Frith of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement; his companions went and were all drowned. Dr. Abercrombie declares these anecdotes to be "entirely authentic."

A clergyman went to Edinburgh from a place at a short distance, and was sleeping there, when he dreamed of seeing one of his children in the midst of a fire. He awoke, and instantly returned home, and when he came within sight of his house he found it on fire. He arrived in time to rescue one of his children who had been left in a dangerous situation.

A gentleman in Cornwall dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons. A small man entered, wearing a blue coat and a white waistcoat; and immediately after another man, wearing a brown coat with yellow basket metal buttons, drew a pistol from under his coat and fired it at the first man, who instantly fell. Blood issued from a wound a short distance beneath the left breast. The murderer was seized, and the dreamer saw his countenance. He awoke and told the dream to his wife, who made nothing of it; but in the same night the dream was repeated three times, with precisely similar circumstances. He felt greatly disposed to warn Mr. Percival, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer; but some friends whom he consulted told him that he would be treated as a fanatic. Shortly after this gentleman heard of Mr. Percival's death, he was in London, where he saw a picture of the murder in the print-shops, in which he recognized the countenance and dress of the individuals seen by him in his dream—the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the yellow basket-buttons on Bellingham's coat, corresponding precisely with what he had seen. Dr. Abercrombie received the particulars of this case from the gentleman himself.

Dr. George Moore is our authority for the following remarkable anecdote: An individual whom he knew well dreamed that he was in a church-yard reading the epitaphs, when a new grave attracted his notice. A remarkable stone at its head contained the name and the date of death of a friend whose company he had that evening enjoyed. This dream strongly impressed his memory; but thinking it superstitious to regard such a matter, he thought little or nothing of it till seven months afterward, when the death of his friend occurred at the precise time of which he had dreamed. A young lady of Ross-shire dreamed that she saw her lover slain at Corunna on a particular day, and the dream proved a true one.

Dr. Macnish dreamed of the death of a relative who was three hundred miles distant, and three days after he learned that his dream was correct, although there had not been the least expectation of his death.

A gentleman whom Dr. Darwin mentions was so deaf that for thirty years it had been necessary to converse with him by writing or by signs. He told Dr. Darwin that he never dreamed of hearing persons speak, or of conversing with them but by the fingers or by writing. Two persons who were blind also assured him that they never saw visible objects in their sleep since they had lost their sight. But Dr. Blacklock, who became blind when a few months old, had a consciousness in his dreams of the possession of a sense which he had not when awake. He fancied that he was joined to objects by a species of distant contact, which was effected by means of strings or threads.

After forty years of total blindness, Huber dreamed of the sights of his childhood. Dr. Gregory says that he has employed thoughts in his lectures and writings which occurred to him in his dreams. He even used the expressions in which they were conveyed. Condorcet said that he more than once made calculations in his sleep; and various instances of literary composition during sleep are on record.

A distinguished lawyer was consulted upon an important and difficult case, which he studied for several days with anxious care. His wife then saw him rise in the night and go to a desk in the bedroom. He sat down and wrote a long paper, which he carefully placed in the desk. He then returned to bed, and in the morning told his wife that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion about a case which had greatly perplexed him, and that he wished he could remember the train of thought of his dream. She directed him to the desk, and there he found the opinion clearly copied out, which proved to be correct.

Moffat, the missionary, after wandering for some days in an African desert, without food or drink, says: "The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished-for waterfall; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard was the distant roar of the lion; but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely. I felt as if engaged in roving among ambrosial bowers, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed, and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These pleasures continued till morning, when we awoke speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal."

Somnambulism and dreaming appear to be closely allied. Possibly the truth may be that, when dreaming, we are not perfectly asleep, and that the somnambulist is still more awake, without being fully in possession of the physical and mental powers which he has when completely awakened. He is half awake. But more probably the phenomena depend on some special condition of the nervous system not yet ascertained.

Horstius mentions a young nobleman who rose in his sleep, wrapped himself in a cloak, and passed through a window, in the citadel of Breslau, to the roof. Here he tore the nest of a magpie in pieces, and, wrapping the young birds in his cloak, returned to his room and went to bed. In the morning he stated that he had dreamed of doing these things, and could not be persuaded that his dream was a reality until the birds in his cloak were shown to him. Dr. Pritchard tells of a man who rose, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the place where a market was held, all in his sleep. Martinet states that a saddler was accustomed to rise and pursue his calling when asleep; and Professor Upham tells of an American farmer who rose in his sleep, went to his barn, and there threshed five bushels of rye in the dark, and yet he separated the grain and straw with the greatest accuracy. Many cases are recorded where somnambulists have studied or composed.

Dr. Abercrombie received the following case from an eminent medical man, whose pupil the somnambulist was. This pupil was a botanist, and had lately received the first botanical prize from a public institution. One night, after a long botanical excursion, his master heard a heavy, measured footstep on the stairs; and, on going into the passage, he found his pupil in his hat and shirt, with his tin case slung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. "His eyes," says his master, "were more open than natural; but I observed he never directed them to me, or to the candle which I held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Going by water, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'May I go with you, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir; but I am going directly; therefore please to follow me.' Upon this I walked up to his room, and he followed me, without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin case from his shoulders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing he knew my face very well—he had often seen me at the river's side." A long conversation then passed between the pupil and the imaginary boatman, which continued for three-quarters of an hour, and in which he never made an irrelevant reply. But when asked, in this conversation, who had gained the first botanical prize, he named another gentleman, but did not mention himself. "Indeed!" was the reply; "did he gain the highest prize?" but he said nothing. And when asked, "Do you know Mr. ——?" after much hesitation he answered, "If I must confess it, my name is ——." With these two exceptions, he never hesitated in the conversation. He now lay down in bed, saying that he felt tired, and that he would wait until the professor came. But he soon sat up, and conversed with another gentleman with correctness, and without hesitancy, even in uttering long sentences. After talking for about an hour, he said, "It is very cold on this grass; but, I am so tired, I must lie down." Shortly afterward he did lie down, and was quiet through the night. In the morning he was quite unconscious of what had passed, and could not remember that he had even dreamed of any thing.

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